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There goes the Bride

WHEN I heard that Lancelot Horris was borrowing a ladder for his elopement (said young Jenkins to the local Press reporter, who had just bought him a pint in the King's Head), I wondered what on earth the lucky bride could be.

Although Lancelot should be pretty well off if his father doesn't get fed up with him and cut him off, he's a bit irresponsible and isn't the settling-down type.

In fact, since he was demobbed he hasn't done any work at all except occasionally acting in touring companies and our amateur society—if you call that work.

What's more, there aren't so many girls in Lower Sludsley free for elopement purposes nowadays, and in the case of those that are, the only mystery would be the state of mind of the eloping groom.

The first thing I knew about it all was last night when I came upon Lancelot and Bill Saunders carrying on a discussion in Saunders' builder's yard, half-way up the hill there. Lancelot was asking Bill which of his various ladders he could recommend as suitable for elopement purposes.

It would need to be strong enough for two and long enough to reach an upper window, and not too creaky or noisy to spoil the highly secret nature of the enterprise.

"You're joking," said Bill Saunders, slowly. "You can't mean you're eloping with a girl in this village?"

"I'm certainly not carrying the ladder six miles to the next one," said Lancelot flippantly. "And please don't speak as though there couldn't be a girl here worth it. I don't want to mention names, so all I can say is that she's in an upstairs room waiting with pitter-patting heart while her mum and dad are downstairs listening to the radio."

At that moment he saw me, and called me in. It was a long ladder he had chosen, and he would need some help with it up the hill, he said.

"I'll give you a hand, too," said Bill Saunders quickly.

"Of course, we've got to be quiet," said Lancelot earnestly. "Cover of darkness and all that." But the noise he made giving orders to Bill and me (who actually carried the ladder) made old Miss Gibson and Mrs. Bates open their windows as we went past their cottage.

Three or four fellows on their way down to the King's Head stopped and asked us if there was a fire somewhere. Mrs. Misses came out to her gate, and Bob Towers was at his gate, too, shivering a bit in his shirt sleeves.

"Here we are," said Lancelot suddenly. "The brick house on the left."

Of course we knew whose house it was—the stationmaster's.

"You don't mean the Dillons?" said Bill Saunders incredulously.

"I do."

"Well, who are you eloping with?" asked Bill blankly.

"As far as I know," Lancelot answered, "there's only pa, ma, the dog Caesar, and Sally. I'll give you three guesses."

"Sally! It must be. But Sally's in love with Tom Pasing," argued Bill.

Lancelot laughed a bit to himself.

"Once, many years ago, a village rumor was wrong," he said, "and

By E. ROSMAN

now it has happened again. Quiet as you like, chaps; we want this ladder up against that front window. That's Sally's room."

The light came on suddenly in that room, and I saw Sally Dillon standing at the window wearing one of those dressing-wrap things.

She's the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and as she looked her very prettiest in the bright light, an approving murmur came from the small crowd that had now collected, and a soft ripple of hand-claps, which made her switch off the light hurriedly.

Even without the light, we could see Sally leaning out of the window. She was making a megaphone of her hands so that her whisper would carry.

"Lancelot, darling," she called. "Is this what you call keeping it dark?"

"Quiet as we can, my precious," he called back. "Just some of the

chaps to lend a hand. No need for you to worry, pet. I can hear pop's radio blaring away. All you have to do is look beautiful. We'll do the rest. Now then . . ."

Grasping the ladder himself, he dropped the bottom end on to the centre flower bed, and let the top end fall smack against the glass of Sally's window. There was a sharp crack and then the familiar tinkling of falling glass.

"Cor! You broke the window," said Bill, pointing.

"You'll have the old man out here in a minute," I warned.

I was right, too, except that Mr. Dillon came in far less time than a minute. He hurried the door open, and came out as though he was jet-propelled.

"What's going on here?" he roared at Lancelot. "Who put that ladder there? What is this?"

"This," said Lancelot, "was supposed to be done secretly."

"What was? Busting my window?"

"No, that was just chance. No, I refer to my mission," said Lancelot.

"Mission? What mission? What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Dillon, truculently. "Coming here at this time of night, planting that ladder in my flower bed, or bringing it here at all if it comes to that."

He waved his arm excitedly.

"Take that ladder away! We've got the whole village round the fence now."

"Not the whole village; the Sisters Gummits haven't arrived yet. We'd better send a car for them. And, by Jove," said Lancelot, "here by all that is wonderful is that very thing, a car."

It was the station taxi-cab, and I knew by the way he spoke that he had been expecting it.

The station car pulled up at the Dillons' gate, and Ned the driver stepped down. As he and the stationmaster had had little set-to's as to when and where the taxi was to wait at the station, there was no great affection between them.

"And what the blossoming buds do you want?" snarled Dillon.

"I'm here because I was asked to be here," said Ned. "I'm picking up a fare. Mr. Horris knows all about it."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Dillon said in growing fury. "First he comes to my house with a ladder and busts the window, and then he gets a taxi here. Why? That's what I want to know."

"The car," said Lancelot, "is here to keep a lover's tryst. Our elopement—Sally's and mine."

The effect on Mr. Dillon was so striking that the crowd, which had started to laugh, was suddenly silent. The stationmaster's red, rather bloated face paled to a soft shade of mauve.

"Elopement? You and Sally?"

"That's right, elopement. It was all meant to be frightfully secret," Lancelot explained apologetically. "But chance has made it otherwise. Sally and I are eloping on the ten-thirty-three—"

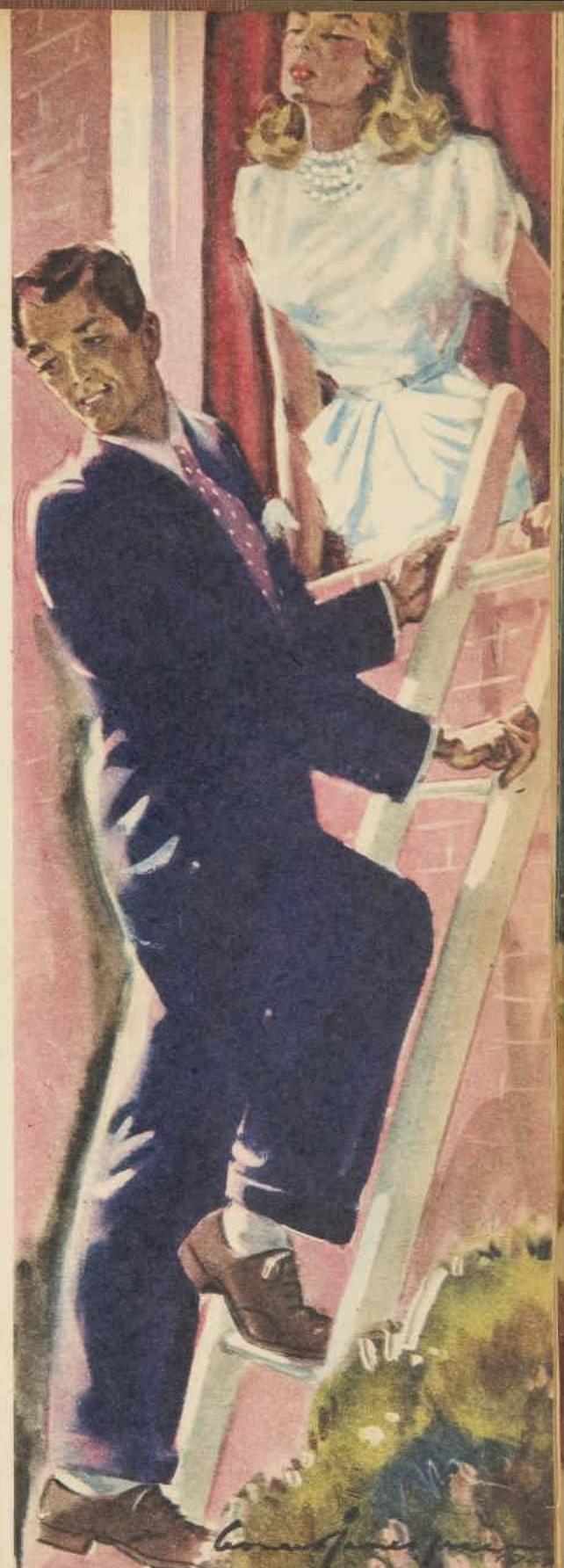
"Ten-thirty-four on Saturdays. But listen, young man, you must be crazy if you expect me to believe this. You and Sally eloping? Fiddlesticks!"

At that, Lancelot rushed half-way up the ladder. "Darling," he called in a thrilling tone.

Sally let up the blind, and a piece of glass that had clung to its position whistled past Lancelot, missing him by inches, and embedded itself in the grass.

The crowd fell back with little cries of alarm, looking up in fear

"Sally! What do you mean by all this tomfoolery?"
Mr. Dillon roared, shaking his fist up at her.



of further flying missiles, but finding there was no more danger they moved in interestingly again.

Sally, meanwhile, was smiling sweetly out at Lancelot.

"Yes, sweetheart," she said.

"Your father wants to know if you're eloping with me."

"Father? Oh! Lancelot! Dad's not out there?" she cried in dismay.

"And you told me it could be kept a secret!"

From below her father roared up at her. "Sally! What's the meaning of this tomfoolery? Only yesterday you told me you were madly in love with Tom Pasing and there'd never be another man in your life."

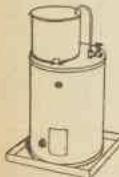
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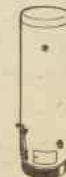
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There Goes the Bride

Continued from page 3

SALLY leaned out of the window, and there was fire in her eyes. She had put on a stylish-looking white frock and perfected her face and looked so lovely that there was another round of applause.

"Listen, dad," she said, in a sharper voice than usual. "I'm sick and tired of your busting into my affairs and living my life for me. You forbade me to marry Tom. You told me he wasn't good enough, hadn't enough money. All right, then. It looks as if you've won. Tom's gone. I had a letter from him this morning telling me he's sailing for Canada."

"Shame," murmured someone.

"Yes, shame on you, dad," called Sally indignantly. "You meant to lose me Tom for ever. Too late I can see what a weak fool I've been. I should have obeyed my own heart. But now, as I can't marry the man I love, I'm marrying a man who can give me money and fun—Lancelot Horris."

"Hoorah for Horris," called Lancelot. "Popular win!"

"I'm marrying Lancelot Horris in London," Sally cried. "We're catching the ten-thirty-three."

"Four, my precious," corrected Lancelot.

"Four, and no one shall stop us."

The crowd cheered anew. But when the cheers died, some elderly female voices spoke up against Lancelot.

"He was drunk in the 'George and Dragon' every night last week," shrilled the younger Miss Gummit.

Mr. Dillon looked up at Sally, and flung his arms wide apart in despair.

"And that's the man you want to marry!"

"He's got what you wanted me to marry—money."

Dillon turned to Ned, the taxi-driver. "Take that car back to the station," he roared. "It's part of your agreement to meet the the ten-thirty-four."

"I'll be there. I'm taking Mr. and Mrs. Horris to catch it," sneered Ned.

I thought Dillon would burst, but fortunately Lancelot spoke from the ladder.

"As I don't want to cause any unpleasantness," he said, waving his hand to Ned, "or let your taxi be smashed up by a madman, you'd better wait for us round the corner by the stile. We shan't be long."

"O.K., sir," said Ned.

"Listen to me, young man," called Mr. Dillon with better control of his voice. "Get this clear. You are not eloping with my daughter. Only a cad would marry a girl who does not love him, and she said she doesn't love you."

"Sir," said Lancelot, "I am a Cad Mark I. If she doesn't love me, at least we have our art in common. We have a great future on the stage together. And under her softening influence I shall abandon my dissolute ways. I may even give up drink."

Sally came to the window and handed him a small case.

"Darling, take this, please. And you do understand me? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I may not love you now, but I may learn to later on."

Lancelot blew a kiss at her.

"Sweetie-pie," called Sally, back at the window again. "Have we much time to spare?"

"Ten minutes, my sweet."

"Then I'll change into another frock. I've just thought: this one will get dirty in the train, and I'd better wear something more practical."

The blind came whistling down again, and some of the lads uttered a long-drawn groan.

Dillon started to organise his supporters. There was a porter from the station, who hadn't much choice in the matter, one neighbor, and the butcher. But Lancelot had noticed the whispersings and groupings; and now he called down to us.

"Chaps. We don't want to fight our way out, but if it comes to that, are you game? Who's for love, liberty and lashing out at opponents?"

There came an approving shout from the younger chaps, and squeals of delight from romantic girls.

Lancelot went up the ladder and rapped on the blind.

"Sweetie-pie," he called out. "Better get a hustle on. Ready? Oh, good girl—well, don't come until I whistle three times. I'll make a gangway first, and secure a bridge-head on the flower bed."

That was the signal for the Opposition. Mr. Dillon and his pals rushed the ladder. With a combined heave, they hurled it over, and Lancelot, who managed to cling on, was left hanging from the underside.

How long he could hang on wasn't guessable, for the Opposition was trying to push the top end of the ladder away from the ledge so that Sally couldn't get down it.

As soon as it became obvious what the Opposition intended, a dozen of us jumped into the garden and pushed the ladder back into place.

Sweating, pushing, straining, we kept at it, half a dozen on either side of the ladder, now this side, now that gaining a foot. There wasn't much room for manoeuvring in the garden, and presently both remaining upstairs windows went, a piece of gutter pipe was knocked off, and Harry Jones was stunned by the ladder butt when he fell over.

Once or twice I looked up at Sally's window, and I saw the back view of her coat and a foot groping idly for a ladder. Lancelot, of course, had been shaken off, and was clinging to a ledge, shouting, "Sally, go back."

Suddenly Lancelot let go his grip.

He dropped and his feet landed on the lower window-sill; then he seemed to spring off backwards. He fell flat on his back on the centre flower bed and lay quite still.

The struggle ended, and silence fell. We all thought that Lancelot was either unconscious or dead, for he made no move.

"Don't let Sally know," said Dillon huskily. "It was an accident. I didn't even see it happen."

As he finished speaking Lancelot sat up suddenly to the surprise of us all, and in a quite normal tone asked what the time was. The time was something we had all stopped thinking about, but being reminded of it, Mr. Dillon gave an exultant shout: "The train's gone. It should be at the level crossing by now."

He turned to the road, climbed on to the railing, and pointed. "There it goes."

Lancelot joined him, and heard the whistle as the train passed the level crossing.

"There goes the bride," said Lancelot, "and good luck to the happy pair!"

"Happy pair! What are you talking about?" asked Dillon. "You're here, and Sally's up in that room."

It was Ned who spoke next, as he pulled up with a slither of tyres.

"O.K., Mr. Horris. They caught the train," he yelled, and then gave a special message to Dillon. "The next time you see your daughter, she'll be Mrs. Tom Pasing. And here's a little farewell note from her."

Mr. Dillon read the note. "It's true, all right. She's eloped with Tom," he said huskily.

"What I don't quite see," said the reporter. "Is how this Dillon girl got away at all, considering that she stepped on to the ladder after the taxi had gone, and just before Lancelot fell."

"That wasn't Sally," young Jenkins told him. "It was another girl dressed in her coat. She had her back to us, and, in the excitement, no one looked really closely."

"It's a pity they've married in a register office," said the reporter wistfully. "I could have worked in a joke about the bride's train."

"You can say it was as good as a play," said young Jenkins, "because I've learned since that they rehearsed all the speeches—at least Sally and Lancelot did—and they got up a programme with the Gummit sisters and others as sundry villagers, and Dillon as the irate parent. Considering his role was all gaggings and unrehearsed, he put up a good show."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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... good speech

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MR. ALAN RAMSAY
... teacher and soldier

NEW Director of Education in Victoria, Mr. Alan Ramsay will go to England to investigate developments in education before taking up his appointment. He is second director appointed from teaching staff, has been in education service since 1912, headmaster of Melbourne Boys' High School since 1945. From rank of gunner in First World War he rose to Major-General in 1939-45 War.

ANTI-CUPID

By...

EDITH
KROTINGER



"Why did you stop acting?" he asked Maria, who was slowly pacing the room.

LISTENING intently at the crack of the front door, Charlie Bannister smiled gently to himself, his bland face tight like a conspirator's. By the sound of things, John and Maria were having another first-class row.

This was the confirmation Charlie needed. As everyone suspected, things were bad with John and Maria. Within eight years their marriage had become an imprisonment. Six months more and they would destroy each other.

Charlie straightened and jerked down his cuffs. What he proposed to do must be done with the nicest delicacy.

He began by pressing the doorbell. As if by the turn of a switch, silence fell behind the door. There were faint rustlings. Another door slammed within, followed by the quick, soft beat of Maria's heels in the little entrance hall.

"Charlie Bannister. How nice." Maria's smile was blinding, and her eyes still gave off sparks. "We're happy to see you. John and I aren't speaking to each other any more this afternoon, but each of us will be delighted to talk to you separately, I know."

She conducted Charlie into the living-room.

To-day, more than ever, he was struck by the distressing anarchy in this room. It was furnished in a fantastic combination of many styles, with a wall of books, and an indiscriminate commingling of pictures and playbills, Javanese masks and Italian primitives.

Charlie would grudgingly admit that it had a certain lawless charm, but there was an incredible amount of junk.

Maria herself wore a kind of peignoir of cerise over a dark green underskirt, which suited her tall, fashionable figure and unusual coloring. In the past twenty years, this is how she had often been caricatured—in a garment that was not quite a frock, nor yet a theatrical costume, her violet eyes, huge and candid, her jet-black hair piled about like the Empress Josephine's.

"Delightful gown, Maria," Charlie observed, seating himself. "You know, of course, you're still my favorite actress in the world."

"That's sweet of you, Charles. Of all my distant relatives, I love you best."

"I do wish, though," he said feelingly, "that you and John were—shall we say?—at peace to-day."

"So do I, Charles," Maria sighed. "So do I."

"Because," Charles hesitated, with an unusual show of diffidence, "I've come to tell you something."

"Oh, good," said Maria. "Will you tell to John, or may I know first?"

"I'd just as soon repeat it. It's rather pleasant news. I'm getting married."

Maria's great eyes widened.

"Wonderful, Charles," she said. "To whom are you getting married?"

"Her name's Ruth Morning."

"Lovely name. Someone you know?"

Charlie smiled again.

"What does she do?" asked Maria.

He could not very well say that of late Ruth spent most of her time pleading on the phone with real estate agents.

"She doesn't do anything special. Plays rather picturesquely on the harp. I'm much too shy, you know, Maria, to inflict myself on a really talented woman." Maria lifted an eyebrow. "I've picked a home girl."

"Sensible enough," said Maria. "All these years one thought you were a dead duck for a show girl."

Charlie reached into his pocket for his cigarette-case.

They couldn't wed until they had a home, so Charles set his wits to work on a wily scheme.

John tolerates New York is because of me. It would be the end. For both of us."

She stopped pacing and smiled crookedly at Charlie's bland face. "Who are you, Charles? Anti-Cupid? ... It's an idea, though. I'll think about it."

"Do," said Charlie. "Or—don't. As you like."

Maria was looking at him, but her eyes were blind. He felt a twinge of compassion, but he hastily quelled it.

"Well, darling," he said, getting up as if reluctantly. "I think I'd better be pushing along. Ruth's expecting me in half an hour."

After Charlie left, Maria stood at the window, thinking deeply. Could Charles have been right? Oh, Charles Bannister was trivial, and something of a cat. But he was undeniably clever.

Was John actually jealous? After he sacrificed she had made? Was that how he gave his love, demanding in return not only her art, but torturing her in the bargain for ever having possessed it?

Jalous, was he! She'd give him cause to be jealous! She turned and, carrying her head like a banner, strode to the bedroom door. She rapped on it smartly. There was no response.

She seized the knob and flung open the door.

John was lying on his bed, with one knee crooked up and the other foot on the floor. His arms were folded over his eyes, and for one heart-sickening moment she thought he might be crying. But he dropped his arms at once, and put his hands under his head.

His thin, dark face looked stern and rather remote, as if he had been lying there listening to music. She recognised the look. It meant that he had been thinking about his book as profoundly as he was capable.

Her impulse was to withdraw at once. But her eyes fell on the full, willful curve of his mouth. She bit her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Are you very busy?" she said.

"Yes."

"I have something to tell you."

"Later."

"Now! I've made a discovery," she told him. "I know why you have such a devil of a time writing about love."

This caught his attention, and he raised his eyebrows.

"Simply because," she said, "you don't know anything about it. I tell you as a woman and an artist."

"Bravo!"

"John!" she cried. "I refuse to go on like this."

"Like what? Is someone forcing you?"

"You are! Quarrelling. Ranting. Shouting. I'm—I'm slowly suffocating!"

"Shall I open the window?" He sat up and raked his hand through his tousled hair. "How beautiful you are," he said, with a grin, "and how infuriating. What's up, anyway?"

Maria lifted her chin. "I'll tell you what's up," she said ominously.

"Quickly, Maria, please."

"Quickly, is it? Then I'll omit the preface. I've decided to go back to the theatre."

The irritation drained out of his face. His eyes narrowed. "You've been away from the theatre for a long time, you know," he said.

"Much too long! Acting was once the breath of my life," she said.

"Once?" he taunted.

"Is that all you have to say?" "No," said John, "but since you've decided, there is nothing I will add. How do you plan to begin?"

"I'll call Larry Kempel in the morning," she said. "Spend the week out in the country. He's been begging me to do a play for him for years."

"Then I believe I'll go back to Cambridge," said John. "It'll be wonderful getting away from New York."

"I'm delighted to be able to give you the opportunity!"

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Page 5

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FORRESTER regained consciousness to find the moon full in his face. He lay under the rock over which he and Carrington had fallen, and the shelf was like a black ridge of steel shining six or seven feet above him. Carrington lay on his face. Something about his attitude alarmed Forrester terribly, and he sat up.

He called the boy's name with a mouth no longer capable of forming the syllables, passionately desiring him to be alive, and the result was a slobbering idiotic cry.

To his half-crazy relief, the boy answered. He actually turned his face. It had a skull-like whiteness, lying there against the blackish shale in the moon, but it seemed to Forrester a wonderful thing.

Then he saw the boy pointing down and across the valley to the far hills, and heard him speak a single word, "Fire."

Forrester followed the direction of Carrington's arm. Across in the hill forests he could see the smouldering crimson of fires immediately below the crests.

He judged that they were very far away. Thirty or forty miles off, they were perhaps no more than forest fires started by the heat of the sun, but they, too, seemed to Forrester a very wonderful thing.

The boy had a different idea about them.

"Been watching them," he said. "Could be bombing. Some chaps having a war."

Forrester lay mutely thinking of this. It worked down below his hammer-dulled consciousness and revived him fully. He sat slowly up. The thought that the fires might be man-made coincided with his sight of the valley. Now, under the clear moon, he could see every rock and shadow of it.

To walk down it would be something like walking down the debris of an avalanche. The thought that he had come to the end of carrying Carrington filled him bitterly. He crawled to where the boy lay.

Across the far valleys the fires in the high forests burned rosily, with sudden, mysterious, brighter glows of flame.

The boy spoke again, and Forrester grasped the fact that he had never been unconscious. Some of the old way of cheerfulness indomitably remained.

"Never get me down there," he said.

"Good try."

"Talking rot."

He found it difficult to frame his words, and something about the two words, incredibly comic, half made him want to laugh in answer. He let out a sort of blubber of protest instead.

"Only thing," the boy said, "you go down."

"No."

"Only thing."

Forrester sat silent, partly from the pain of trying to frame his words, partly from half-frightened notion that the boy was right. He looked at his watch. It seemed very wonderful to think that it was still going. The time was about twenty minutes to eleven.

If he got the boy into the shade of a rock or a tree and then rested a little, he could count on five hours before the sun rose.

Forrester considered this for some moments, and then he heard the sound of jackals crying in the distance. They were miles away, he judged, but the thought of them made him decide to light a fire. It would be a comfort to Carrington and a guiding place.

He told the boy this. Carrington was watching the fires far across in the hill forests, and said, "There's a big flare-up there sometimes. Wonder what."

As Forrester climbed out of the shale bed into the low forest fringe

and began to gather bamboo and broken branches, he saw that the bamboo was thicker here.

In places flood water had bared the roots of overhanging trees and had piled up beyond them shelves of silted sand. Here it would be possible for Carrington to lie, with the fire at his side.

It took him more than half an hour, crawling mostly on his hands and knees, to collect wood for the fire and light it. In the middle of the night now the air was cool among the rocks, and without his shirt he was not warm, and was glad for a few moments of the heat of the fire.

He sat for a moment feeling the fire on his bare chest, and then he crawled back to Carrington and collected the water bottle and the haversack he had left there. Forrester calculated the water bottle to be about half full. It was not much. He took the water bottle and the haversack and laid them by the fire.

After that he went back for Carrington. The distance between the place where they had fallen and the place where he had made the fire was about fifteen yards.

This time he picked Carrington up bodily in his arms. He made a ferocious effort and staggered wildly forward, his mouth dragged down with a look of dry idiocy, his head banging with blows like the sickening thunder of sunstroke.

At last he succeeded in laying Carrington down. It was the fire dying down that made him get up at last. The effort of getting to his knees drove the blood out of his head, and for a moment he seemed to spin wildly, the fire dazzling him, so that he had difficulty in not falling down.

"Aspirin and some water before you go," the boy said.

He shook his head.

"Orders."

"Never take 'em," Forrester said. He grinned down with a hollow mouth of pain.

"Going to start now," Carrington said.

He knew that it was useless to think of aspirins, and impossible to think of water. He could not swallow the dry, powdery tablet now.

But he fumbled in the haversack and struck the palm of his hand against his mouth, and then tilted the water bottle and put the metal cap of the cork against his lips, afterwards smacking the cork tight down with his hand.

"O.K. now," he said, and had the impression at the same time that the boy, staring carefully up at him in the light of the fire, was not deceived.

As he knelt down by the boy, he knew that they had gone past deceiving each other. He unstrapped his watch, wound it a little more, and strapped it on the boy's left wrist. The risk of separation had now to be calmly and simply faced.

"Listen," he said. He spoke very slowly, and it seemed to him that the boy's face had an immense loneliness as it lay there, staring and listening, very quiet, in the light of the fire.

"Keep the fire going."

"Yes."

"Make a signal at eight to-morrow morning. Fire a shot."

"Yes."

"Then another at twelve."

"Yes."

"Think that's all."

"Good show," the boy suddenly said. "How's the old horse?"

"Good. How's the jockey?"

"Up the Burma Derby."

The boy gave a grin of wonderful and horrible cheerfulness. It turned his face into a twisted mask that



He stood there a moment gazing down at her face, quiet in exhausted sleep.

Forrester could not bear to see. He got up and looked down the valley. All across it and across the great encrustation of hill forest farther away, the moon had a chalky brightness. Suddenly he wanted to go.

Then abruptly Carrington said. "Funny we never caught old Blore."

"Away in the old handicap," Forrester said. "Good start."

"He shot himself with the revolver back there," the boy said.

The words were calm and embittered and curiously brave, and Forrester did not answer them. He saw on the boy's face in the firelight a look of imperishable bright affection. In a clear and unanguished way he understood what the revolver, lying there by the water, the haversack and the fire, now meant to him.

It did not seem to Forrester that he was afraid. But suddenly he could not bear the thought of his lying there alone with nothing but a little fire and water for comfort under the stark moonlight; and then, in the morning, the sun and the revolver for the final moment.

It troubled him so terribly that without another word he lifted his

hand in abrupt good-bye.

Climbing down the long slopes of black shale in the moonlight was easier than the long march with Carrington across flat sand, and yet soon he was curiously tired. He was oppressed by a new terror of being alone.

He turned several times and looked back. And the thing that kept his terror of loneliness down to bearable limits was the small bright patches of fire back among the rocks where he had left the boy.

Each time he went on he felt the fire behind growing smaller and farther away, and the hill fires, that had the look of something unreal and sacrificial with their sudden flares of light on the half-dark hills, growing no nearer.

Then there came a time when he turned round and the small stars of Carrington's fire had become hidden among the rocks and he knew he would see them no longer.

In front of him the valley seemed to go on and on, and he was sick with the feeling that he would never conquer it. The sun was coming up to blister the blood out of him for the last time.

Already the shale, which had been dark and cool all night, had on it the rose-orange glitter of first light that would become, in an hour or so, the killing glitter of sun that would murder him by afternoon.

Hysteria beat at him for a moment, and he thought of going back to Carrington. The evil of going on alone seemed suddenly more terrible even than the prospect of slogging back up the valley. There at least, he could die with the boy.

For a few seconds he ached for the companionship of death. Then he noticed ahead of him, thirty or forty yards away, a break in the forest on his right hand. A landslide, brought about perhaps by the torrential force of the last monsoon, had broken down through the tree belt.

The trees, through the long dry season, had not grown up again. Bare steps of rock went up the valley side for fifty or sixty feet steeply, and came out in a sort of scrubless plateau between the highest trees.

He went slowly on and began to climb. He did not remember consciously making any decision to climb; he did not consider what he would see when he reached the top of the gap. He climbed very slowly.

Acacia boughs sharp with thorn had fallen everywhere, and under long bitter heat had dried like a rusty tangle of barbed wire among the rocks. Stamping against them he once again fell down.

In his weakness he put his hands forward to save himself, and fell flat against crowded thorns that drove into his naked chest and hands.

Then, as he dragged himself up, his body riddled with the new pain of thorns, he began to be troubled by a hallucination. Before him, haunting him with a queer, persistent vigilance, there was a face.

Please turn to page 13

Page 7

BEAU MONDE....

You darling!

I was afraid you
were giving me
a Fur Coat.



Beau Monde
Full Fashioned HOSIERY

DUST in your EYES

By DOROTHY EDEN

LYDIA arrived at the station of Freeth in the pitch darkness of a pouring wet night. She alighted reluctantly from the train and by the light of a single electric bulb saw that, apart from an elderly man who was collecting various dogs from the guard's van, she was the only passenger to get out at Freeth.

She shivered miserably. This was even worse than she had expected, and she had been feeling badly sorry for herself ever since her firm had insisted that she come down here on a big interior decorating job at the special and insistent demand of one Flynn O'Neill, farmer.

Lydia looked drearily about her. As she was the only female passenger, the tall man practically obscured by oilskins standing a few yards away must be Mr. Flynn O'Neill. He didn't look any more inviting than she had expected, and she was frowning as she went up to him.

"Are you Mr. Flynn O'Neill?" she asked.

He looked at her quickly and impatiently. His face, surrounded by the dripping oilskin hood, looked lean and cavernous.

"I am," he said briefly.

Did he propose to have her stand there all night? He was looking over her head at the departing train as if it were taking the light out of his life.

"Then I'm the person you've come to meet," she said. "Or haven't you?"

His gaze jerked back to her quickly.

"Well!" he exclaimed.

"Well, what did you expect me to look like?" Lydia said impatiently.

"I hope you have a car."

"Car's outside," he said. He seemed to be dazed. "But wait a minute. I think there's been some mistake."

"Mistake!" Lydia echoed. "You insisted on my coming, and here I am."

"But I particularly asked for Miss Carr."

"Mr. O'Neill, I am Miss Carr."

"Lydia Carr?"

"Lydia Estelle Carr. Do you want to know the date I was born?"

"But you're not the person I expected."

Mr. O'Neill, after making it extremely clear in two letters that you would have none other than me, now it appears I'm not expected."

"No, you've got me wrong. I expected Miss Carr, but I didn't think she'd look the way you do."

"I wasn't aware that my looks would be any immediate concern of yours," Lydia said coldly. "I came here to redecorate your house, not to marry you."

Inside the hood his face seemed to tighten.

"I've been thinking things over," he said rapidly, "and I've changed my mind about having the house done."

"You've what?" Lydia exclaimed. "No, you couldn't mean that. Not after I've spent five hours in a train that stops to graze, it seems, at every second field. If this is your idea of a joke, it's an expensive one."

"Look," said Flynn O'Neill, and he was angry, too. "I'm perfectly free to change my mind, aren't I?"

"No, you are not. If you think I'm going back to our Mr. Gordon saying 'Mr. O'Neill didn't like my looks, so he's changed his mind about having his house done,' you were never more mistaken in your life. Do you realise that I've come down here only as a special favor?"

Have you the faintest idea how valuable my time is?"

"I'm beginning to," Flynn O'Neill said abruptly. "Well, you'd better come out for the night, anyway. Perhaps I might let you do the drawing-room."

"You'll let me do it and like it!" Lydia muttered, following him off the platform into the streaming rain.

The subsequent drive took place in almost complete silence. Lydia felt the rain on her face when she presently got out of the car in front of a large house and climbed the steps to the doorway. Flynn, reaching past her, opened the door and light shone out of the hall.

And that, Lydia thought, completed the surprises of the night.

With its curving staircase, lofty ceiling, and beautiful rosy floor it was as perfect a hall as she had ever seen.

A white-haired woman in a pink apron came bustling towards them.

"Ah, Mr. Flynn, have you got your guest soaked through? Such a night to arrive, Miss Carr. There's a fire in the library, but first you'll want to change your wet things. Oh, dear, Mr. Flynn, look at you dripping all over the floor. Take those great rain collectors off."

Flynn undid the buttons of the heavy oilskins. He pushed back the hood, and Lydia saw the rain shining on his face. She saw that he had green eyes, narrow and bright, and that they dominated his angular face. His hair was flattened with the damp, and he was pushing it back with long restless hands. They were not the sort of hands that guided a plough or even steered a tractor, she was sure.

She felt tricked, but suddenly intrigued, too. This job was going to have its points, after all.

In her bedroom, which was comfortably ready for a guest, with a fire burning brightly, old Ada helped her to take off her wet clothes.

"You surprise me, Miss Carr," she said chattily. "Mr. Flynn said you were fair. Blonde, he said. And here you are, as dark as my old Timmy."

"Who's Timmy?"

"My cat. Black, he is."

Lydia fluffed out her soft hair. She was supposed to be blonde. Flynn was disappointed because she wasn't. He had almost made her spend a night at the Freeth railway station because she was brunette. Did he have a fixation about blondes?

"Does Mr. O'Neill farm?" she asked.

Ada laughed.

"Oh, goodness, no, Miss Carr. He only plays at it. My husband does the hard work. Mr. Flynn doesn't get time over from his drawing, anyway."

"Drawing?"

"Why, yes," Lydia said proudly. "Didn't you know? He does all kinds of clever things. Magazine covers and funny jokes—caricatures, he calls them."

"Look, Ada," Lydia asked suddenly. "Why did Mr. O'Neill say he wanted me to come here to redecorate the house? Was it a joke?"

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Carr. It's no joke. He wants the place done, and done the best, too. He's not said so, but it's easy to guess what's in his mind." She leaned forward to whisper ecstatically. "A bride!"

And that, Lydia felt weakly, in view of what had happened during the past hour, made the least sense of all.

She took pains with her appear-



"Good morning," she said brightly. "I hope you didn't sit up with your sheep all night."

John Mills

ance before going down for the late meal that Ada had said would be served in the library. There was no harm in proving to Flynn that a brunette had at least some points in her favor. As she went down the stairs she heard him talking on the telephone.

"The party to-morrow night is off," he was saying insistently. "I can't explain now. No, it isn't the weather. Yes, she's arrived. What's that? Disappointed? Oh, for heaven's sake, keep your inquisitive nose out of this, Bea. The party's

off. Yes, I'm in the devil of a temper. Good-bye."

The receiver of the telephone went down. Lydia heard Flynn saying, "Tell Miss Carr not to wait for me. I'm going out to see how Millie is."

"Then come back in a better temper," Ada replied tartly.

A door slammed somewhere and Ada came into the hall.

"Oh, Miss Carr, Mr. Flynn says not to wait. He's got a ewe expecting her lamb. You never knew such a fuss. But he wants to put her on a magazine cover as she's licking the

new-born lamb, so he has to be on the watch all the time, so to speak."

Lydia ate her meal alone. When she had finished she wandered through the downstairs part of the house, from the dark-panelled library to the drawing-room, then to a many-windowed morning-room and across the hall to kitchen and servants' quarters.

Please turn to page 15

Page 9

Pond's VANISHING CREAM

1-Minute Mask

GET RESULTS IN
60 SECONDS FLAT!



Think of all the times when your skin looked tired just when you wanted it to look lovely! Well, from now on all you need is a minute's notice to give your skin a fresher, softer look.

You can whip on a Pond's Vanishing Cream 1-Minute Mask in a few seconds — even in front of your handbag mirror will do. Just smooth on the cream in a thick mask over whole face — except eyes. A minute later you tissue off and see new radiance in your skin. He'll adore its loveliness.

Beauty Blurred! Countless tiny dried cells and tight-sticking dirt particles may darken your skin — make your complexion look dull.

The Mask! The "keratolytic" action of Pond's 1-Minute Mask gently loosens and dissolves dried surface cells and dirt particles on your skin.

Thrilling Effect! After the Pond's 1-Minute Mask your skin looks fresher, lighter. Feels adorably softer. And your make-up goes on beautifully.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, skin softener and powder have and Pond's Cold Cream for "blush-cleansing", on sale everywhere — handbag size tube, 1/2, large economy size jar, still only 2/10. Ask also for Pond's "Dreamflower" Face Powder ... Pond's "Lips" in 7 lush American shades ... and Pond's Hand Lotion.



PCB-5

Your husband's WAGES are at stake...

... AND YOURS, TOO, IF YOU ARE
IN BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY

If you give the Chifley Government permanent power to control prices, it will mean that they can HOLD DOWN WAGES AS WELL.

Unless you want this to happen, vote "NO" in the Referendum.

A "NO" vote does not mean that control over prices and rents will disappear. It simply means that if the Commonwealth does not extend the present legislation, your STATE Government will keep rents and prices down.

SAFEGUARD YOUR WAGES!
VOTE "NO"

Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash Street, Sydney, for
THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

H15

SUDDENLY Maria stopped talking. Was this what she truly wanted? Why wasn't John protesting? Why didn't he shout? Why didn't he take her in his arms and tell her that, in spite of her temper, he would be lost without her? Had he really been waiting for an opportunity to cast her off? His indifference was crucial, terrifying.

She waited, holding her breath. If he betrayed by the subtlest sign that he wanted her, she would find a way to forgive him.

But John got up slowly and went to his jacket, hanging over a chair, and rummaged in the pockets. He brought out a crumpled package of cigarettes, and held it out to her.

She flushed with anger and dashed from the room.

"Ah, there it is," said Charlie Bannister. "I've been racking my brain all week, and suddenly I remembered I must have left it here last Sunday." He pocketed his gold cigarette case. "But I rather thought Maria would ring me up if she'd found it."

"Maria?" said John, curling his lips with scorn. "Most disorderly person in my acquaintance."

Charlie observed that John was looking very peckish. His eyes were red-rimmed and hurt-looking, and his dressing-gown was tied around his hips in a rather slovenly manner.

The rain drummed disconsolately against the windows. There never was a blacker, more dismal Sunday night. Suddenly John's fist smashed down on the table.

"Wouldn't you think she'd call up once?" he roared. "But no. Not Maria! Not my blooming Sarah Bernhardt! She gets fed up. Bang! Whish! Stars! No reasoning it out. No second thought. Goes off like a rocket. Charlie, there are times when the unconscionable selfishness of certain females beggars imagination!"

"You are not, by any chance," said Charlie, "referring to your wife?"

"Wife? Wife? Who's got a wife? Did you ever set up housekeeping with a tigress?"

"Dangerous business," observed Charlie. "Of course, everyone adores Maria," he added thoughtfully. "But she's the sort that needs taming. When she gets back from Westport, perhaps you'd better give it to her with both barrels."

John gave a hollow laugh. "When she gets back from Westport, I'll be in Cambridge," he said. "I'm leaving in the morning. Kingley's been yapping at me for the book for months. Do you realise I haven't written two hundred words in the past week? It's driving me batty!"

"I must say," said Charlie, sipping his highball, "that what you are telling me is very puzzling. Do I understand that you and Maria have—uh—split?"

"Why do you suppose she's in Westport?"

"I can't imagine," said Charlie, round-eyed.

"She's run off to stay with the Kempels. She's got an idea that she's been suffocating here with me, and she therefore must return to the theatre."

"Oh, well, who can blame her?" queried Charlie. "Of course, we all feel all along that your marriage was a risk."

"I know it was," John said gruffly. "I thought it was worth it, and so did Maria. For my work, I need quiet contentment. Regular hours. I'm not a Bohemian, never was. I like living like a farmer. Up at daybreak, and in bed by ten. My brain works better in the morning."

"Maria voluntarily left the theatre to marry me and live in Cambridge. I must say I didn't try very forcibly to stop her. Then she got restless, and we came back to New York, and she maintained she was

perfectly happy.

"Oh, nostalgic at times — especially at the beginning of the season. The great mistake was imagining she loved me more than the theatre. Say, Charlie, do you know anybody decent who needs an apartment?"

Charlie found his voice. "John, look here — didn't Maria tell you about me?"

"No. I'm afraid not," snapped John. "Tell me what?"

"I'm getting married."

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. High time for you, Charlie. Do you good. Have you got a place to live? You can't expect a woman to move into your hole. This place isn't heaven, but it's near the park. Maria wouldn't like living here alone. She'll go back to Eiley's."

He looked around him a little wildly. "The only thing I'd ask, if you don't mind, is to be permitted to take out a couple of pictures and a few reference books, and so on. Fact is, I'd be grateful if you'd live here. Of course, there's a lot of junk around, like this statue."

He picked up a small plaster figurine. "Have you ever seen such a piece of—!"

The last word was lost as John heaved the figure into the fireplace, where it splintered into a thousand pieces. Charlie fairly leaped out of his chair at the crash. Really, these people flung themselves about like characters in an Italian opera! But now Charlie was a man who had accomplished his purpose. He regarded John almost affectionately.

"What's it going to be?" demanded John sourly. "A stylish wedding, with all the trimmings? Did you ever hear how Maria and I got married?"

But Charlie was hardly listening.

"I say, old man," he interrupted brusquely. "What you're saying is absolutely fascinating, but would you mind if I used your phone?"

John flung himself on to the sofa. "Go ahead," he muttered.

Charlie started towards the foyer. Just then the telephone rang.

JOHN shot up

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"Look here," said Charlie, "it might even be for me. Ruth said she might — Hello?"

"Westport calling Mr. John Raymond."

"For you," said Charlie.

John grabbed the phone.

Charlie turned on his heel and closed the door behind him.

In his satisfaction only one thing disturbed him. He was frankly worried about whether Ruth's harp would fit into the corner near the piano, and immediately started pacing out the length of the space.

Meanwhile, he began to muse on Ruth's fair, silken hair glistening in the firelight. His taut, thin face softened . . .

"One moment, please," said the operator. "Here's your party."

"Hello! Hello!" said John. "Hello!"

"Hello, John?" John sat hard on the bed and closed his eyes. "This is Larry Kempel."

"Hello, Lawrence Kempel," muttered John.

"Look—uh—Johnny," said Larry.

"Is—uh—Maria at home?"

"No," John said. "She's with you in Westport."

"Well, it's a little odd," said Larry,

with an artificial laugh. "She was here until just before dinner. We all went up to change, and when we came down, no Maria!"

Now John was standing. "How was she?" John demanded. "What did you do to her?"

"Now, listen," said Larry. "You put me in a very awkward position. She didn't bring the matter up

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"No. I'm afraid not," snapped John. "Tell me what?"

"I'm getting married."

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. High time for you, Charlie. Do you good. Have you got a place to live? You can't expect a woman to move into your hole. This place isn't heaven, but it's near the park. Maria wouldn't like living here alone. She'll go back to Eiley's."

He looked around him a little wildly. "The only thing I'd ask, if you don't mind, is to be permitted to take out a couple of pictures and a few reference books, and so on. Fact is, I'd be

Younger Sets

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The Australian Women's Weekly — May 22, 1948

A

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 7

had persisted in front of him for some time, Forrester knew that it was really two faces. He knew that the face of his young wife, cruelly blown into utter darkness by the bomb, and the face of the young girl, waking him softly to a new thought of living in the shade of the mango tree, had come together.

They were very beautiful, and now they were also an indissoluble part of himself, so that he was afraid and alone no longer.

As he pulled himself finally over the top of the ledge of rock above the valley something hit him in the face. It was the sun. And for several moments it fantastically blinded him with the power of its level glare. He lay flat on his face and shut his eyes.

All he wanted now was to lie in darkness. He wanted passionately to wait for the faces that he loved to come back and help him defeat the power of the sun.

For a little while longer, Forrester lay waiting for death to come. There was no sound at all in the deathly tropical air, except the faint noise of a stone or two falling away where he had climbed the slope below. It was a small sound, and very few seconds it came again.

Then he realised, very dimly through his darkening consciousness that it was not the sound of a falling stone. It was a nearer, quieter, more living sound. It had something of the lightness of a falling leaf.

For the first time since reaching the ledge he opened his eyes. He saw before him an astonishing thing. A small yellow-green lizard was running among the dry acacia twigs and out on to the flat rock a few yards in front of him.

As he opened his eyes it died protectively, eyes wonderfully bright and tiny hands outstretched on the flat face of the rock. And then it came to life again in the sun.

Forrester began to cry very weakly as he saw the lizard. As he went on crying his eyes were watered into crazy mistiness by acid and difficult tears. And then, when he could see clearly again, the lizard, frightened by the small noises of his mouth, had gone.

But down in the valley below him he could see something that even beside the wonder of the bright living lizard was like a miracle.

Down below him a white egret was walking daintily through the tall grass of the jungle. The thought of seeing a bird was so crazily wonderful that he staggered up on his feet. And the egret, as if disturbed by the sound he made, seemed suddenly to fly.

And then he saw that it was not an egret. He saw that it was a small column of smoke. He saw it rising pearl-grey as the feathers of an egret from the dry ring of grass. Beyond the fire was a narrow dust-white road, and between the road and the little fire he suddenly saw the movement of men.

They were small brown men, and, incredibly, one of them carried a rifle in his hands.

Forrester knew then that they were Naga bearers, and he began to run down the slope towards them, waving his arms with feeble jubilation, and senselessly crying with new tears and no longer caring about the sun.

Three days later they flew Forrester out from the forward field hospital in an ambulance L-5 that itself had something of the lightness of an egret flying over the dark ranges of hills. That afternoon he

said good-bye to Carrington in a long cane hospital basha where nurses walked coolly between shaded beds.

He had signalled dutifully to Aldridge, and had sent another message to Harris which said, among other things, "Put in an Alleluia and a spam or two for me in the bass notes." It had gone off on Easter Sunday.

To-day was Tuesday. A young nurse, sweet-faced and quietly solicitous, hung about Carrington's bed and with tender attention arranged the marigolds in the barred shade.

Her name was Mavis, and for some reason or other it had become impressed on her that he and Carrington had known each other for years. It had begun, in fact, to seem like that to Forrester. The distrust, the antagonism and the ghastly irritations of a week ago seemed very far away.

The boy lay with his legs in a kind of low tent and was very cheerful and very tired. In two days they would fly him back to Calcutta.

They had shaken hands twice, and now, as on the ridge up the valley where the Naga search party had finally found Carrington shooting at flocks of imaginary parakeets, Forrester did not want to leave the boy.

You ought not to talk any

ALFRED



"Please don't give it another thought. You have fully convinced me that you did NOT stop here to try to engage me in conversation, but are merely waiting for a bus."

longer, Mr. Forrester," the sister said.

"Mavis," the boy mocked from the bed, "or may I call you Blackbird?"

"You may call me Blackbird." She creased the sheets closer about his neck. "And you may say bye-bye."

"Not fair," he said. "Mr. Forrester and I have a lot to talk about."

"Say it in Rangoon."

"I don't want to go to Rangoon. The L-5 can take two cases. Why can't I go with Forrester?"

"Mr. Forrester's going to Rangoon," she said. "Aren't you, Mr. Forrester?"

"Like fun he is!" the boy said. "He's streaking off to Cal. There's a girl named Anna there."

Forrester stared at the boy grinning up, thin and imperishable, from the bed, and could not believe what he heard.

"How do you know about Anna?" he said.

"Please," the sister said. "Don't let's start that."

"Always talking about her. That's how," the boy said. "What is she? Brunette or blonde?"

The young sister grew very severe. She found it hard to grow very severe because of the indomitable sweetness of her eyes, but she said, quite harshly, "Now please, that's enough."

"Mavis," the boy mocked for the last time. "Blackbird."

"This is where you go, Mr. Forrester," she said.

"See you in Rangoon."

"Good-bye," the boy said. He suddenly seemed resigned and very tired. "Thanks for the ride."

"Thank the jockey."

"Out!" the girl said, and Forrester raised his hand for the last time.

TWO-PART SERIAL

by MAX AFFORD

First instalment will appear

next week of "The Happy

Couple," intriguing two-part

serial by well-known Australian

mystery writer Max Afford.

An unexpected suicide causes

as much surprise as grief

in the victim's circle, and startling

developments occur when

a close friend sets himself to

find out exactly what lay behind

it.

Watch for Part 1 of this pro-

vacative story next week.

In half an hour the light ambulance plane was flying him back. He was alone in the plane, and, after looking down once or twice at the dark incrustations of jungle between the thin white waterless valleys, he lay down and shut his eyes.

Incredulously he remembered what the boy had said, "Always talking about her." He began not to be able to believe in what he had endured of the glitter, the harshness and the horror of sun.

When at last he felt the plane begin to lose height and he sat upright and saw below the familiar foreshortened tents, the white glitter of pagodas, the pencil scar of oil-dark road running out across the plain, he felt some of the sick excitement of a man coming home.

He watched, as if he had never seen them before, the corrugations of wheel marks crisscrossing like ancient trackways the yellow dust about the air strip, the aircraft dispersed about it like dust-thick moths, and the brown-blue muscles of the river beyond.

Then suddenly the small plane was down, almost vertical in descent; the palms and the tents and the dust were all rushing up to meet him, and he became aware of the great heat of the afternoon. Blinding white as the dust, it beat up with a moment or two of revived horror that clashed on the retinas of his eyes and left them dead.

For a moment, the cross of the ambulance standing on the edge of the runway changed from crimson to black. Then it flared white, and then, in the blinding glare of haze, vanished altogether.

As he stepped down from the plane, Forrester felt the dust rock sideways under his feet. He stood poised against the hot air like a drunken man. He had not realised how weak he was, and as if to demonstrate the stupidity of it, he waved his arm savagely at two Indian boys running enthusiastically at him with a stretcher.

The light of sun beat upon his face, making him stagger; and then he heard the voice of Burke, thin and dry as vinegar, as itashed the Indians with swear words.

And then Harris caught his arm. "Haven't we met?"

"Seems to be something familiar about the face," he said. He seized with dry joy the sweaty hands of the chubby doctor.

"Into that ambulance," Harris said.

"Not on your life."

"You're a sick man," Harris said.

"You need rest."

"And don't let's have any fooling," Burke said.

"No," he said.

"As stubborn as a camel still," she said.

He grinned again, and felt the power of his eyes come back. He saw Burke and Harris regarding him with dry professional concern.

"Better get into the ambulance," Harris said.

"Take the other arm, sir," Burke said. She was professionally holding his left arm. "What d'ye suppose we're here for?"

"I wouldn't be knowin'," he said.

"Just the welcome committee."

"Back that ambulance down!" she shouted.

As the ambulance reversed slowly down to him, Forrester waited. Harris' jeep stood just beyond the plane.

"Easy," Harris said. "Come on now."

"Yes?" he said. "You know where I'm going."

"You're going in the ambulance, that's where!" Burke said.

"Go home and have tea with Johnson," he said.

"Johnson is in Comilla! Come on now."

"You can get there for tea in the mail," he said. "Harris knows where I'm going, and I'm going now."

"Sir," she said to Harris, "do you stand for this?"

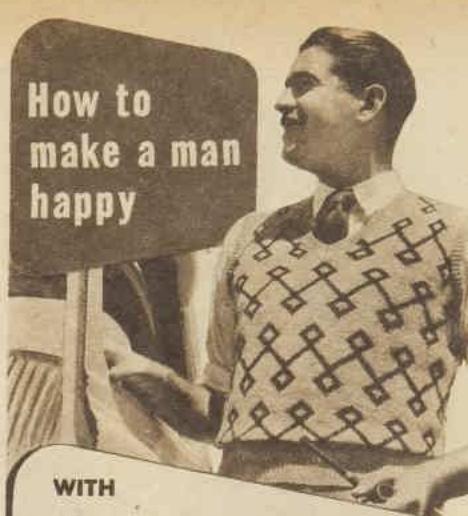
"He does and he likes it."

"I should say not," Burke said.

"All right, sister," Harris said.

"Let him come with me."

Please turn to page 28



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OUR distinctive autumn and winter hair styles presented by members of The Australian Coiffure Guild. The designs are based on overseas trends, adapted to local needs.

Stylists say any coiffure which is really pretty must be created for the individual. Designs illustrated prove this to be true.

Highlights of these styles are shorter lengths, head-hugging waves, and smoothness from crown to nape.

—CAROLYN EARLE



LONGER, heavier hair lends itself to a chignon coiffure, with hair swept down from crown in a smooth line, softly waved front blending into draped sides held in place with a pretty hair gasket.



GLAMOROUS but not complicated, a shortish style with new semi-circular top parting, sculptured sides with a forward fling, and a pseudo-bang. Back is sleek, ends in row of neat curls.



A SOPHISTICATED style in step with fashion dictates, in which the forward movement covers the ear entirely. This is balanced with more fullness and detail on opposite side.



A YOUNG hair-style which requires only a soft perm, and brush and comb work. There is no parting, the hair curling back softly from wave impression.

IT didn't matter to Lydia now that her host was more interested in a eve than in herself. She was engrossed in the house. Finally she went to bed without seeing Flynn again.

In the morning Lydia got up with a sense of expectancy and went down to breakfast. The table was laid in the sun-room, and Flynn sat at one end of it.

"Good morning," she said brightly. "I hope you didn't sit up with your sheep all night."

"I didn't. Excuse me not waiting for you to come down. I've a busy day ahead."

"Yes, so have I," Lydia said. "I propose to start with the drawing-room. I might say I'm accustomed to a free hand, but as you're having the house done in view of your marriage, you might like to discuss things with your fiancee."

"Who told you I was getting married?"

"Why, Ada mentioned it."

"Ada talks too much!" Flynn said angrily. "Take no notice of her."

"For the drawing-room," she said smoothly, "I thought of ivory paint."

"You can do the drawing-room only," he said. "Now will you pass the marmalade, please?"

Whether his non-committal attitude gave her a free hand or not, Lydia didn't know. However, she went to work on the drawing-room.

She was interrupted some time later by a red-haired girl saying: "Excuse me, can you tell me where Flynn is?"

"I haven't any idea," Lydia answered vaguely. "I should think it's most likely he's with Millie."

"Oh, that sheep! Honestly, don't you think he needs taking in hand? We're all getting worried about him. I'm so glad he got you to come down. He told me about meeting you in London."

"Oh, yes," said Lydia carefully. "Did he say where he met me?"

"Yes, at that party. It must have been quite a night. But you're not a bit like I thought you'd be. Tell me, do you know why he's put the party off to-night?"

"I haven't the faintest notion."

"He's getting so eccentric," the girl complained. "Well, I'll try his studio for him first. By the way, I'm a neighbor. Beatrice Martin. I'll probably be seeing you some more. After all, if the way he's talked means anything, it's going to be your house, too!"

Leaving her with that remark to digest, Beatrice went out. Before she had any time to work out the extraordinary things Beatrice had said, Lydia heard footsteps on the stairs again. She could hear voices, Flynn's and Beatrice's.

"She's very attractive," Beatrice was saying.

"If you like that type."

"I do. But I think it's a shame O'Neill!"

Continuing . . . Dust in Your Eyes

from page 9

to put the party off just because the right girl didn't arrive. But you must admit the joke's on you, Flynn."

The voices died away. It was no longer possible to concentrate. The thing was not to waste time in discovering who the mysterious and impudent person who had used her name in London was, but to find some way of persuading Flynn to let her do the whole house.

He was susceptible to blondes.

That seemed to be the keynote of the affair, and suddenly it started an idea in her head.

When she heard him go upstairs again she followed him.

"Excuse me," Lydia said. "I'd like to discuss business with you."

"I don't care to be interrupted in my studio," he said, scowling.

"I'm sorry. But I must talk to you somewhere. You see, as I'm to be here some time, I shall require my secretary."

Then, as if it were an afterthought, she added, "Brownie won't worry you. And she's rather your kind of girl, as far as I know from Ada's gossip, of course. Blonde, brown eyes, soft voice."

Over the telephone Brownie was fretful about coming.

"But, Miss Carr, there's a party to-night."

"This will be better than any party," Lydia promised her. "Catch the bus. It's half an hour quicker. I'll have Flynn meet you."

Poor Brownie, Lydia thought. She would wonder what she had encountered. But Brownie was capable of dealing with any situation in which a man was involved.

Lydia was upstairs happily engrossed in planning color schemes when she heard voices in the hall.

"Hi, Miss Carr!" Brownie called.

"I've arrived. What a night! I thought I'd go right back home, and then I saw Flynn."

Christian names already, thought Lydia. Trust Brownie. And Flynn, the great goof, drinking in those limp glances and thinking they meant something!

Ada appeared, hospitable and smiling, and took Brownie to her room.

Brownie came down to dinner in a simple black frock that made her hair and skin dazzling. During the whole of the meal she made no more intelligent remark than, "Oh, I do think that's marvellous!" but Flynn, mellow and conversational, seemed completely satisfied.

After dinner Lydia went upstairs and continued with her work. She found it a little more difficult to concentrate than formerly, but she was soon deep in plans for the master bedroom. She got so excited about them that she ran down the stairs calling, "Mr. O'Neill! Mr. O'Neill!"

In the drawing-room someone had

Flynn appeared at the library door. He had a telephone book in his hand.

"Is the house on fire?"

"Mr. O'Neill, can I put a canopy bed in the master bedroom?"

"Put what you like anywhere," Flynn said largely.

"You mean—I can do the whole job?"

"Certainly you can. And call me Flynn, why don't you?"

Lydia gasped weakly.

"I'm just calling a few people," he went on. "Thought we'd have a small party to-morrow night. That all right with you?"

Lydia had a queer feeling of anger and resentment. Why should Brownie rate this much-discussed party when she didn't herself?

The party the following night began well enough. There was a lot of noise and merriment, and Lydia didn't realize that Flynn was missing until Brownie came over and said: "I haven't seen Flynn for hours. Do you know where he is?"

"He might be with Millie."

"Millie?" Brownie demanded suspiciously.

"A sheep," Lydia explained.

"A sheep!" Brownie echoed. "How peculiar!"

On an impulse Lydia left the room, borrowed one of Flynn's coats from the closet, and went out.

A crack of light shone beneath the barn door. She pushed the door open and took in the scene within, the square woolly ewe nuzzling alternately two shaky, long-legged lambs.

Flynn had a drawing board across his knees, and his face was empty of all expression save absorption as he worked.

"Oh, it's you," he said. His voice was tender and absent. The tenderness was for the ridiculous four-legged creatures that Millie had triumphantly produced.

"It's good!" she said enthusiastically, looking at the sketch. "You've caught that very new look. Can I watch?"

"If you want to."

Lydia crouched down contentedly.

"She's a snug old creature. Look at her," Flynn said.

But Lydia wasn't looking at Millie. An hour later, Flynn's preliminary sketches were completed. Lydia said belatedly, "The party?"

Flynn started. "You still here?" he said.

"Had you forgotten?"

"Completely." He looked startled. "Usually I can't work with anyone around. People distract me."

His hand touched the nape of her neck as he pulled the coat over her shoulders.

"All right," he said. "Let's get back to the party."

In the drawing-room someone had

rolled back the carpet and everyone was dancing. When Lydia and Flynn came in, Brownie left her partner and went into Flynn's arms, her face dreamy and cherubic.

The red-headed girl, Beatrice Martin, came across to Lydia.

"Millie?" she asked.

Lydia nodded. "Twins."

"Goodness! Flynn will be excited. I say, I'm sorry I put my foot in it yesterday. I thought you were Flynn's girl."

"My hair was the wrong color."

Beatrice laughed.

"I haven't found out yet how the tangle got straightened."

"It didn't."

"But surely you know! Brownie's the girl Flynn met at that party."

"Brownie!" Lydia echoed vaguely.

"Yes, she heard he was fairly important at his job, so she impersonated you. To impress him, I suppose. If I were you I'd fire her for that. Between us, I think Flynn's blind. But it's time he married somebody."

Lydia was up at six next morning and beginning work in the morning-room. When Ada came in to lay the breakfast table she said, "Lay it somewhere else. Don't worry me. Though you might," she added to the astonished Ada, "go and wake my secretary and tell her I want her down here right away."

When Brownie, peevish and yawning, arrived half an hour later, Lydia said crisply, "I don't know what you think constitutes a joke, but impersonating me does not. I'm giving you a week's notice."

"But what about you, Miss Carr?" Brownie managed to gasp.

"How much time do you think I can waste here?" Lydia snapped. "I never did mean to stay more than two days. I'm leaving to-night."

Unexpectedly her eyes blurred with tears. Angry at the incomprehensible fact that she was crying, and determined Brownie should not observe this awful weakness, she hastily turned away. A picture she had brought from the drawing-room and meant to try in here was lying on the table.

She picked it up and, climbing the stepladder, held it in position against the wall. Dust from the frame got into her eyes. She blinked, and heard Flynn's voice from the doorway, sharp with surprise.

"What do you mean by walking out on this job?" he demanded.

She turned her head. The dust in her eyes blinded her. She went to step down, missed her footing, and hit her head on the side of the table as she fell.

She didn't know how much later it was that she came to her senses. She was in bed and there were flowers on the table by her bed. early primroses. By making a slight

painful movement of her head Lydia could see that there was someone sitting at the window. It was Beatrice Martin.

"How do you feel?"

"I couldn't feel worse. Where's Flynn?"

"Taking Brownie to catch her train. He'll be back any time."

Lydia moved sharply. The unconsidered movement made her wince.

"Why is Brownie going?"

"She said you'd fired her. Anyway, Flynn had finished his sketch."

"His sketch! For goodness sake, am I delirious or are you?"

Beatrice laughed.

"It seems we were all mistaken about Flynn. He only wanted this mysterious woman he'd met in London down here to sketch her for a magazine cover. He says statistics show that eighty per cent of the reading public prefer blondes on magazine covers."

"He said he'd arranged for Brownie to come when he met her that night, and he'd promised her a party if she came. But apparently she'd had too many cocktails, and didn't remember a thing. So he wrote to the firm, asking for her," she laughed.

"Of course, he didn't explain anything of that to us. He let us think it was a genuine love affair. But all the heart that man's got he's given to a sheep!"

A shadow fell across the doorway.

"You're wrong there, Bea. My interest in Millie, as in Brownie, is purely professional."

He came across to the bed. "Like my flowers?" he asked. "I went out in the rain and picked them."

"Thank you," Lydia didn't know what else to say. Flynn picking primroses in the rain somehow made her want to cry. It seemed so precious.

"What possessed you to want to walk out of this job?" he was asking. "And on top of that to crack your skull."

"I had dust in my eyes," she answered defensively.

Flynn sat on the edge of the bed, and put one of his thin strong hands over hers.

"Do you know," she heard him saying, "so had I."

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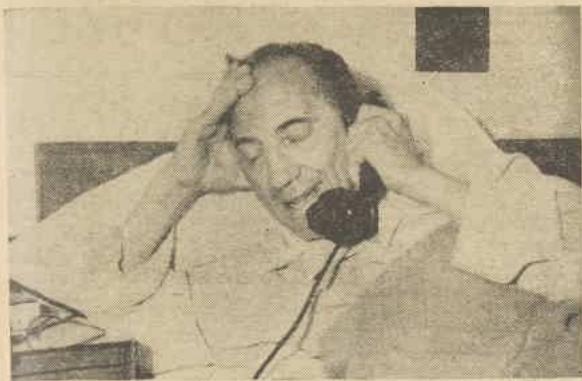
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H.Z. 777

Comedian Chico Marx is a circus in himself



HELLO, HELLO . . . Harpo?" Chico Marx makes a phone call from Hotel Australia, Melbourne, to his brother Harpo in Hollywood.



BEDTIME STORY song for tiny tots' ballet at Tivoli Theatre from Chico Marx when he pays backstage call during rehearsal. Mr. David Martin (right) is managing director of the Tivoli Circuit



PICKING WINNERS . . . Chico makes a selection before races with help of 'The Elder Lovies', veteran theatrical stars, including Maude Skipp, Lyla Thompson, Doris Baker, Doris Tindall, and Bella Perman, who make song-and-dance "comeback" on same programme as Chico.



WEARING "NOW LOOK" SWEATER, Chico Marx went limp when, tired after a long plane trip, he faced up to Press conference on arrival

Shooting a line is his business — and he never lets up

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Chico Marx, famous film comedian now in Australia, is a stocky American whose puckish face is covered with skin like two-way-stretch elastic. He wears dark glasses and a sage-green felt hat pulled well down in front.

But behind this "disguise" it's easy to recognise the wistful little man with the turned-up smile and old cone-shaped hat, because all the time Mr. Chico Marx is shooting a line. It's his business and he never lets up.

THAT'S how it is with the Marx Brothers, funny business from the word "Go."

With Chico it's done with studied seriousness. Off-stage he's the one who gets the laughs.

He has the ability to disconcert by simply sliding a look or deliberately dropping his glance.

When a staff photographer and I arrived to keep an early morning date with Chico at the Hotel Australia, Melbourne, a gentle voice said: "Come in," and we were welcomed by a pair of enormous eyes peering over a tourist guide book to Melbourne.

Mr. Marx, a shy, smiling, mild-mannered man, was in bed with only hands, face, and the collar of his grey-and-lemon pyjamas peeping over the blankets.

"It's nice place you have here," he finally volunteered from behind the pamphlet.

"I'm looking for koala bears. Could you please tell me where I could find some? Oh, no, sir, please" (to the photographer) "I wouldn't like to have a picture taken eating my breakfast. I think it would look kinda silly."

Call to Harpo

"YES," sighed the voice, "it's tough being a comedian at times because a man can't always be making up gags."

Clang! Clang! went the buzzer beside his bed. Down came the pamphlet. Up sat Chico, grabbed the phone, and swung into action as a true Marx.

"Hi, there" (into phone). "That's a pretty blue hat you're wearing?" (said to me).

"All right, I'll hang on!" (into phone). "Would you be too nervous to have dinner with me to-night?"

Back to phone: "Hi, there, hi, there. Is that you, Harpo?"

"Aside: I'm calling my brother Harpo at his golf club in Hollywood. Don't go. I'd like you to stay and meet him."

Back into phone: "Hi, Harpo! Okay! I'm in Australia. Wonderful! Fine! Hello! What's doing? Yeah. Uh, uh. It's a cinch here. The most wonderful climate in the world. Like New York in spring. I want to stay longer. When does production on the film begin?"

"Hi, Harpo, it's remarkable how well they know us here. Even

better than the kangaroos. They tell me there's a kangaroo here with a moustache just like Groucho's. I'm going out to see him to-day!"

Aside to me: "Are you married?" (Back into phone): "Harpo, Harpo, what do you think? I've finally coaxed a lady into my room. Yes

"Oh, but Harpo, what do I do? She's brought a photographer with her. 'Here, meet Harpo,' said Chico, handing me the phone."

From across the Pacific came a whisper in my ear: "How's Chico?"

"Terrific!" I gasped, and handed back the receiver to grinning Chico.

Waving as we went out the door and signing, "I'll see you downstairs later," Chico was by this time politely thanking the telephonist for having had a really lovely talk.

Ten minutes later Chico stepped out of the lift into the hotel vestibule looking spruce and smiling in his "Now Look" sweater.

"Now Look" has replaced "New Look," he says, because fashion changes so quickly.

Confidently incognito under his pulled-down hat, Chico said he'd like to go shopping at a drug store.

"Please, I'd like good-smelling scented water," amiably explained Chico to Sister Eileen Gough at a pharmacy in the Australia Arcade.

"You mean after-shaving lotion?" beamed Miss Gough.

"Yes, sure, let's have it!"

The next moment, Chico had the cap off the first bottle she produced, and was splashing himself and the shop with it madly.

"Is it good? Is it really good?"

Does it do something for me when I've got it on, girls?" he demanded.

"Right! Now a toothbrush, please!"

The salesgirl produced a denture brush with bristles on four sides.

Chico, nonplussed, picked it up. Put it down. Picked it up. Almost as far as his mouth, finally pathetically appealing it was too big.

"Oh, but you have to take your teeth out to it," helped the girl.

"But I can't," almost shrieked Chico. "They're my own. They're growing in the gums."

When Chico's next request was for powder she came back with talcum.

"No, no!" beached Chico. "I want the kind I can use on my teeth."

"What's your room number?" asked the bewildered salesgirl when Chico said he wanted his purchases delivered to his hotel.

Chico hurriedly called me aside for a conference she was meant to overhear, and asked, "Do you think I should tell her my room number?"

"And what's the name?" asked the salesgirl.

"M A R X" carefully spelled out Chico.

Miss Gough never batted an eyelid, and we left the shop.

Sister Gough, who is now working in her brother's pharmacy, was formerly at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne.

She told me later she knew who Chico was, but played deadpan and asked his name because she is used to coping with "patients."

Chico next had an hilarious time at my expense with wisecracks as

fast as sparks from an oxy-welding outfit until he went off to the races with the managing director of the Tivoli Circuit, Mr. David N. Martin, to lose "about half a week's wages." He is in the £100-a-week bracket.

Later in the evening he broke even by recouping his losses at the night trotting and also had the pleasure of presenting the cup for the main event of the night, on behalf of the committee, to an outsider, a Western Australian horse named "Chico."

Chico loves horses, and says he's a born gambler. His racing losses total £1,734,000 dollars (£570,000 Australian).

He is quite definite about the amount, because his brothers, who earn exactly the same salary as he does, each have £1,734,000 dollars more in their bank accounts than he has.

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He is

Editorial

MAY 22, 1948

WOMEN SEE THE JOKE

THE noted author Emil Ludwig has fallen into a common masculine error.

His new book asserts women have a weaker sense of humor than men.

The truth is, as every woman knows, that women have so keen a sense of humor that it keeps them sane in a madman's world.

They owe this keenness to men. Their sense of humor has been sharpened by contemplation of man's pretensions.

Since Adam excused himself with: "The woman tempted me," Eve has been laughing at his self-portrait of a lord of creation.

She has borne men, spanked them in childhood, loved and cherished them in manhood. She has tolerated their jealousy as lovers, their neglect as husbands, their self-pity in sickness and age.

She has listened — how she has listened! — to their self-searchings, and she has let them call her the weaker vessel while leaning on her strength.

She has seen the joke in all this, and another joke too—the one on herself.

It is her lot to suffer the muddle and wickedness of a man-made world because she is too busy with the most important thing in life, the new generation, to correct men's mistakes.

The joke she enjoys most of all is that till the end of time men will never grasp the truth — they will never see the humor of their own dependence on her.

WORTH Reporting

ONE aspect of Tasmania's preparations for the Royal visit next year is of a domestic character and will be carried out in homes all over the island. It is the working of new tapestry covers for the 34 dining-room chairs at Government House, Hobart.

The Tasmanian Government has accepted the offer of the Country Women's Association to do this job, and pieces of the covers will be distributed to group presidents all over the State. The association will make every effort to finish them in time for the Royal visit.

Lady Binney, wife of the Governor, Sir Hugh Binney, is mainly responsible for the organising. She has pointed out that it will provide a practical link between the women of the State and their Government.

At present the chairs are covered in brown American cloth which has caused much inconvenience and embarrassment. Lady Binney recently recalled that when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester dined at Government House one evening, it was so warm that the dye in the chair-covers came out on to the ladies' gowns.

Almost 50lb. of wool in 20 colors will be worked on to 50 yards of canvas for the new covers.

Lady Binney and her aunt, Mrs. Macdonald, have spent a great deal of time working samples of designs from which seven were chosen.

These designs are from a Victorian pomegranate design; a scale pattern from a panel dated 1751 in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London; Stuart chair-cover of the 17th century; mid-17th century sampler; material of an old dress in the Tasmanian Museum; sampler dated 1723 in the Tasmanian Museum; and a scrap of embroidery, dated about 1750, in the collection of Lady Iris Lawrence, an aunt of Lady Binney.

CURRENT works of American playwright Thornton Wilder, whose play "The Skin of Our Teeth" is delighting Australian audiences at the Olivier production, are "The Ides of March," with Julius Caesar as the central figure, and a one-act play, "The Happy Journey," appearing on Broadway as curtain-raiser to the Jean-Paul Sartre hit "The Respectful Prostitute."

Make it snappy

BRITISH taxi-drivers are getting restive about the time wasted by their passengers in saying goodbye.

Those who pay for hire in holiday resorts say that in the season an average of two hours a day is lost in waiting for people saying goodbye to friends they have made during holidays and exchanging addresses. Said one Brighton taxi-driver: "It beats me why they can't say their good-byes before the taxi arrives. Or if they want more time, why can't their friends see them off at the station?

"There's always a lot of time before a train goes, when no one can think of anything to say."

Taxi-drivers of Skegness, famous Lincolnshire seaside resort, have asked hotel and boarding-house proprietors to encourage their visitors to cut short farewells while the taximan is waiting.

According to Colonel Dudgeon, the horses have to do almost everything but talk.

The British will not enter for this event. The Colonel explains that it is not because British horses are not intelligent, but "British riders just don't go in for that sort of thing as much as Continentals."

Dressage was always shown at the height of perfection in prewar days at the Spanish School of Riding in Vienna.

At the last Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936 the German teams won all three events.



"Oh, stop worrying about it—lots of men are bald at forty!"

Runs tourist cars

WE were interested to meet fair-haired, slight ex-A.W.A.S. driver Mollie Swinney, of Roseville, N.S.W., who has launched forth in a sphere which is practically new to women.

When she was discharged after three and a half years in the Army, Miss Swinney determined to make some use of her long driving record and mechanical ability, and tried to get a job driving for various bus services.

"They all expressed horror at the thought of a woman driver, and I didn't get the job," she recalls. "Then I found out that I could get permission to buy my own vehicle."

Negotiations were long and discouraging, but Miss Swinney is now proud owner and driver of a tourist service, the Abbey Tours, whose offices are at Chatswood, N.S.W.

"My cars hold only five passengers, because I believe the personal touch is important in running a tourist service," she says. "Courtesy and alertness are also important, and Army training has given me valuable experience in handling people."

Although the service has been going only a month, Miss Swinney has driven 1000 miles, and has taken sightseers round the North Shore, Sydney beauty spots, and on a one-day tour of the Jenolan Caves.

She hopes eventually to expand the service until she has a fleet of cars, employing only ex-service personnel and carrying out tours as far as Brisbane and other capital cities.

"When I first started I wasn't sure of all the routes, but male drivers on other tourist services have been most helpful and given me tips about the most interesting places to visit," she said.

LATEST gadget for the home is a special 14-day clock attached to plugs of radio sets, which automatically turns on radio at a certain time at night and switches it on again in the morning. Idea is to save power when listeners go to sleep with radios still blaring.

Princesses' friend

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Sharman Douglas, daughter of the United States Ambassador in London, has become one of the intimate friends of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, according to an American correspondent in London.

The writer says: "Sharman is the only girl not of the Royal circle who is on a chummy footing with the Princesses. She has gone to the theatre with them, visiting the arts backstage.

"Except for the Princesses and a film star or two, she is the most photographed girl in the land.

"Stories of romantic attachments gather round her, and matchmakers have linked her name with that of the Marquess of Milford Haven, her most frequent escort to theatres and restaurants.

"The Douglas try to scotch these rumors, and responsible American Embassy sources say there is no truth in any hints that Miss Douglas is about to be engaged.

"Precisely what the Royal Family thinks of Sharman is its own business, but there can be no doubt that it is amused. Her way of putting things makes the King laugh. The Queen likes her frank, open American quality."

Being trained to pay

RAILWAY bilking in Britain has increased so much in the past few months that a campaign is being launched to check it. Ticket collectors have instructions to look more carefully at every ticket, and flying squads of inspectors will swoop on stations in an effort to catch the cheats.

The travelling public is grumbling even more than usual as all the extra scrutinising is causing delay, and in many instances has meant the missing of trains and the consequent upset in important engagements.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Jessie Boyd,

in the absence of Dorothy Drain, who is on holidays.

DOROTHY DRAIN'S departure from these precincts disappointed me. She looked so much more like the advertised version of the compliant air traveller than the disciple of Mr. I. Walton which she professed to be.

When the hour struck, she took off with not even a bulge in the overnight bag to indicate a gaff or a marlinspike, or whatever it is they hit fish over the head with when all else fails.

THERE is only a 50-50 chance of solving world food problems, according to Sir John Boyd Orr, retiring director of the U.N.O. Food and Agriculture Organisation.

In what he called his last warning he said that soil erosion was the big problem the world was up against. Population was increasing at the rate of 20 millions a year, but there was no new soil to bring into production.

The nations of the world are insane," he said. "They are spending a third of their national income in preparing for the next war, instead of using the world's steel and industrial production to conserve the resources of the land."

It certainly seems crazy to make cannon when you can't even feed the cannon fodder.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S Scrapbook, recently published, is described by publicity writers as his gleanings from the literature of the ages.

"These," writes an ecstatic blues expert, "are the best passages from the favorite authors of a great writer. Five hundred and twenty master thinkers from Confucius to John D. Rockefeller have contributed to this volume... It took 4000 years and the best brains of mankind to write this book."

I wonder if Hollywood is negotiating for the film rights.

THE British Government was "in the dark" when it nationalised coal has been admitted by Mr. Shinwell, now Minister for War in Britain, then Minister for Fuel and Power.

Miners' wives are in the dark ages, as far as living conditions are concerned.

In an A.B.C. broadcast of a B.B.C. recording the wife of a Welsh miner said her cottage had no bathroom, and water for baths and laundry had to be drawn in buckets.

Dust from the colliery turned drying clothes black.

NOTHING in the papers these days," said a man sitting next to me in a train, as he folded one of the public prints. His friend agreed.

As I scanned my own copy I wondered what they would think "news."

No news in the paper to-day, they said:

Floods in the south—a man is dead,

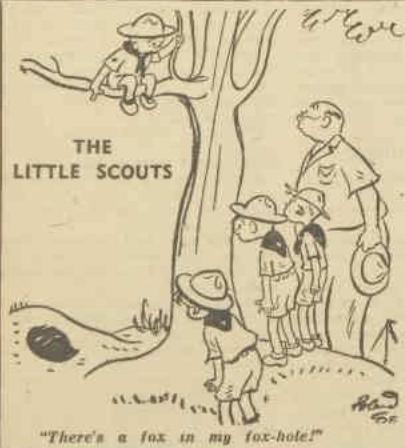
Record crops after the rain, Will Palestine be another Spain? True in Jerusalem, fire to cease, Russia is blamed for obstructing peace.

Ex-King's wedding may not take place, MacArthur praises Japanese race, Smugglers trapped with contraband,

Rose petal dropped on grave in the sand, New cars may run on candle end, Pensions increase is Budget trend.

There's nothing to read in papers to-day.

Put 'em on shelves, or throw 'em away.





Now Here!

FROM ENGLAND

Full supplies of magazine
paper for

A.M. THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY A.M.

Australia's first great national
monthly, for all the family!

PLACE YOUR
ORDER WITH
YOUR
NEWSAGENT
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AT ALL
NEWSAGENTS

64
BIG
PAGES

ON SALE
TUESDAY
WEEK
JUNE
1st.

DESTRUCTIVE RABBIT EARNS MILLIONS



CAUSE of it all—timid, harmless-looking Breer Rabbit, first brought out here as a pet. Its eating habits have cost farmers millions.



TRAPS are set carefully round burrows and feeding-ground, half hidden by fresh soil. Light touch releases sprung instantly.



SETTING OUT in early morning to clear traps, rabbiters rely to large extent on their dogs. They are trained to track down traps and bring back stray rabbits without injuring valuable pelts.

Teams make big money trapping, but pastoral menace remains

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

Australia's 1948 season's haul of winter rabbit-skins is expected to yield between 10 and 20 million dollars, which ranks second as a dollar earner to the Commonwealth's much-prized staple industry—wool.

To see these future dollars-in-the-making, I travelled to Scone in North West N.S.W. last week. I set out with our photographer by train, arriving at 4 a.m. in the bleak hour before dawn, then we drove 25 miles by truck over country whose rugged outline is unspoiled by anything as civilised as a road.

"YOU'RE lucky to find us at home at this hour," a rabbiter told us when we reached their camp. "Usually by now we're miles away in the hills, clearing traps, skinning, and burning off logs. Day starts at 3 a.m., now the winter season's under way."

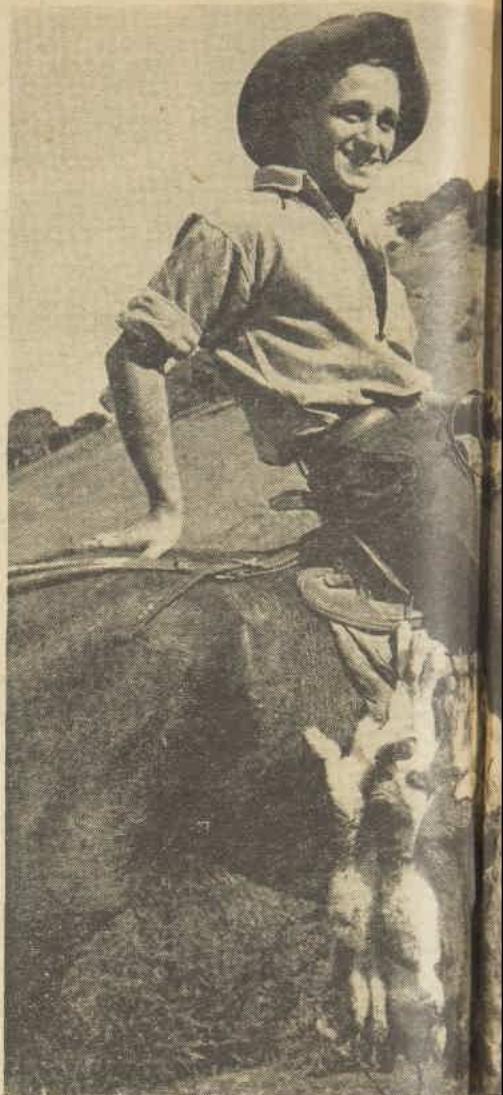
To one whose day had started at 9.20 the previous evening we felt we had learned all there was to know about rabbiting. We had seen rabbits having their necks wrung, been stung by nettles, had mugs of real silly tea made over the fire at the rabbiters' hospitable camp, and managed to imitate the rabbiters' calm when our truck rounded a sharp, bumpy bend on one wheel.

When we returned to the township at dusk that evening we felt we had learned all there was to know about rabbiting. We had seen rabbits having their necks wrung, been stung by nettles, had mugs of real silly tea made over the fire at the rabbiters' hospitable camp, and managed to imitate the rabbiters' calm when our truck rounded a sharp, bumpy bend on one wheel.

The skins we saw will be treated, dyed, processed, and then transformed into sable and mink-dyed lapin, mole coney mittens and muffs, and fur felt hats, helping thousands of American men and women to endure the cold of their winters with comfort and smartness.

Though ranking for very many years as the farmer's No. 1 pest and headache, Australia's teeming rabbit population has proved its usefulness as a valuable dollar earner.

Wartime shortage of furs, combined with improved methods of dressing skins, has resulted since 1946 in the humble rabbit being highly prized among U.S. buyers,



PORTRAIT of an Australian bushman. There's no need to go far in wide open spaces round N.S.W. sheep runs.

who find its skin compares favorably with pescachink, musquash, and other more expensive furs.

But, though the boom in the rabbit-skin industry in 1946 brought many new trappers back on the scene, farmers are still fighting a losing battle in many districts to keep down rabbits.

The Scone district, where the countryside is dry and hilly, provides one of the biggest rabbit-breeding areas in New South Wales.

I went to the country. I might add, with all the city girl's sympathy towards the rabbits, whose soft brown eyes and twitching noses make them very appealing and harmless-looking creatures.

But after you've seen a close-cropped hillside practically moving with rabbits, there seems a sort of natural justice in the fact that some of them will be caught. One rabbit on its own is very appealing—but not hundreds.

Trappers engaged on contract work to clean up properties 30 and 40 miles from the town admit that keeping down rabbits is an unremitting task, which must be repeated every three or four months to be at all successful.

"A lot of rabbiters who are out to make big money can trap or poison 800 rabbits a night, but they only get the cream of them," veteran rabbiter Don Pittman, 53, told us.

"To clean up a rabbit district you've got to work behind country, burning off logs, running traps on the burrows, and hunting down strays."

"Even then you can't eliminate every rabbit in the area, and they have to put a man in to keep a check on them."

Pittman averages 1000 rabbits a week, which is good going for clean-



CHEERY WORD is on the day. They are up

ing-up work. But in the 1946 at Scone in the record number of rabbits in prices, he took over 800 in three weeks while skinning with a team of 14 men.

Varied methods are used by rabbiters to kill off rabbits, among them poisoning with cyanide, sealing burrows and funneling catching with the aid of nets. Most of them agree that cyanide is the most reliable way.

Pittman and his present crew of five rabbiters are under contract to clean up 1600 acres of land, 20 miles on Croker River, property "Garry," 25 miles out of Scone, between them about 1000 traps.

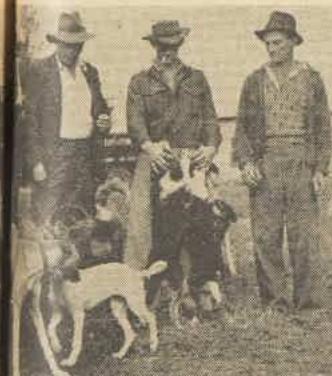


SKINNING takes place as soon as traps are cleared, must be done without drawing blood or injuring pelt. Good rabbiter can skin 100 rabbits an hour.

ILLIONS OF DOLLARS



to whether 17-year-old Lloyd Pittman enjoys outdoor life of a trapper, working in country. Good catch tied to saddle is evidence of the fact.



A team of dogs at the end of a long, tiring line of skinned rabbits

They ride out from their camp on horses at three or four in the morning, clearing traps, resetting them, and skinning their haul. Then they bow the skins (stretch them on wires) and dry them strung up on lines.

Traps are comparatively cheap (around 25/- a dozen), do not injure the skin to any extent, and can be reset any number of times. Only drawback is that quite a number get carried off by larger animals caught in their teeth.

"The spot we're working on now, near Pine Mountain, is the worst we've ever been in for losing traps," Pittman's 17-year-old son Lloyd told

"We've had cats, roos, foxes,

eagles, and native cats all getting in the traps, or carrying them off.

"We've even got an eagle we shot recently hanging on the fence over there with one of our traps on its leg. They're always flying round the burrows for rabbits, and they're so strong they can lift the stake right out of the ground."

Apart from their horses, which are necessary to take them long distances across country, rabbiters rely to a large extent on their dogs—a heterogeneous mixture of breeds and sizes given to them as pups.

"There's no particular breed that makes the best rabbiting dog, and we find that half-breeds learn all the points of hunting best of the lot," Don Pittman said.

Don Pittman has a team of 17 rabbiting dogs that are part greyhounds, fox terriers, collies, and basset hounds.

Recent additions to Pittman's team of rabbits are old hands Ken Sutton and Colin Jarvis, both of whom have been rabbiting on and off for more than 15 years.

When prices for skins were low, they would go back to station work or lorry driving, but are glad to return to the "bunkhouse," as the team call the hut they live in.

Living conditions of New South Wales rabbiters are rough—but not, they emphasise, as rough as a lot of people seem to think.

Pittman's group are fortunate in having a three-room shack for their camp, in contrast to the tents and tarpaulins which many rabbiters have to call home, sweet home.

The men take it in turn to cook, but rabbit stew or pie is never on the menu. They get through a case of lamb between them every



BOWING SKINS. Boss of the rabbiters' outfit, Don Pittman, hangs skins to dry.

FARMERS' TASK

THOUGH every pastoralist is expected to exterminate all rabbits on his property by continuous effort, this task is admitted to be almost impossible, a spokesman from the Agricultural Department said.

Favorable conditions such as in the present year, when rain has made rich pastures plentiful, always result in rapid breeding by rabbits.

The most a farmer can do is keep down numbers by poisoning, fumigating, and employing trappers to clean up land. If he can obtain rabbit-proof wire, which is scarce, he can keep them out of his own land, but that doesn't prevent them destroying neighboring crops.

two weeks, and leave the rabbits they skin for the dogs.

Modern rabbiters also have quite a few home comforts, though the feminine touch in their style of life is painfully lacking. But they have a wireless set, which broadcasts appropriate hillbilly tunes from a nearby country station to cheer them in their work.

I tried to find out what constituted a good rabbiter, as contrasted with a bad one, but the answers were hard to get. It all boils down, apparently, to working so long with rabbits that you develop a sort of sixth sense about their activities.

"You've also got to be prepared to work late at night and start again at three in the morning if you want to get a good catch," Colin Jarvis said. "You won't find a lazy rabbiter lasting for long. There's no money in it without work."

A good skinner never damages the fur or draws blood, and can skin 100 rabbits an hour, or one in 36 seconds, which is pretty quick at skinning a rabbit in any language.

Veteran rabbiters are scornful of the novices from country as well as city who flocked to the Scone district during the 1946 boom, when the price of rabbit skins rose as high as 10/- a pound.

"They had only to put down their traps and wait for the record rabbit hordes to walk into them, but they didn't last long," Don Pittman recalls.

"There were even boys of eight and nine going out with shanghai and dogs, and earning 5/- to 10/- a week.



KEEN INTEREST in price changes for skins is shown by every trapper. Here Tom Hayson, of Chase Fur Co., Scone, examines rabbiter Ken Sutton's catch before sale takes place.

But once the price for skins became normal again, these so-called rabbiters found they couldn't make a living."

This season rabbiters should average one shilling each for skins, the price increasing later in the season as the winter skins improve.

Rabbiters sell their skins direct to local buyers, who bale them, send them to Sydney for grading, and arrange for their export.

Seasonal job

BUT unless they are on contract work, it is a seasonal occupation. Summer pelts are thin, and lack the blue fur at the base of outside hair, which gives rabbit skins their main value.

"We poison quite a lot of rabbits in summer by means of baits, but there's quite an art in it, and the rabbits won't always take them," said Pittman's nephew Kevin, 19.

Strychnine is placed on chopped tree roots, scattered along a trail of fresh-turned soil, and sweetened with a decoy such as vanilla or banana essence to attract the notoriously curious rabbit.

"Some rabbiters are not good poisoners, and make the mistake of

handling the bait, or putting too much essence on it," Kevin said. "Then if their poison isn't well mixed the rabbit goes to its burrow to die, instead of being knocked down a few yards from the bait."

Most rabbiters who specialise in poisoning find it hopeless to get rabbits to take the bait at all in winter, the only season when their skins have a high commercial value.

But we met two former trappers, Joe Wright and Cecil Rosington, of Gundagai, who have developed a "secret formula" by means of which they can poison rabbits summer and winter in their area 30 miles out of Scone.

"Rabbits are finicky creatures, but the formula hasn't failed us yet," Rosington told us. "We had a flush week a while back and knocked over 5000 skins in a week."

Wright and Rosington have had a two-year contract to clean up their area, admit modestly that their formula has placed them in the "big money" and gave them the largest average haul of the whole district last year.

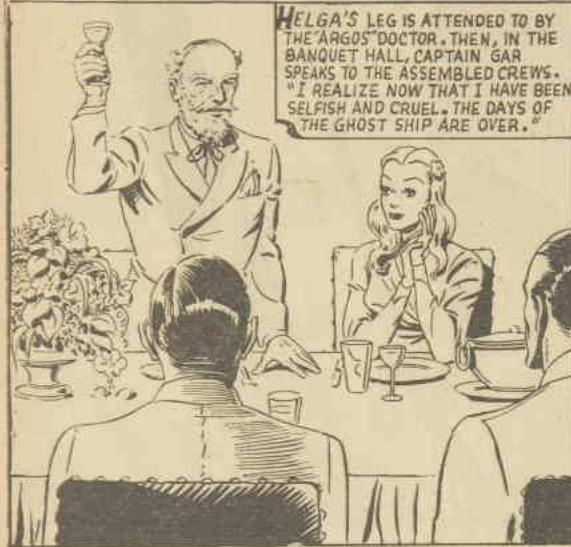
But they're as wary and guarded as any inventors when it comes to discussing details of their "secret formula."

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. Mystery of the strange
"ghost ship" which terrifies sailors is solved
when Mandrake and Lothar board it and are
taken prisoner by
CAPTAIN GAR: Its eccentric commander, who

had given orders to fire on the yacht Argos which is following them. But his disposition changes when his daughter Helga trips and fractures her leg, and he is forced to signal to the Argos for a doctor. He pays Barton for the damage to his yacht, apologises to the crew, and gives his consent to Helga marrying Jim, the young sailor whom she loves. NOW READ ON:



BUT BARTON HAS EYES ONLY FOR THE "GIFT"! A FLAME PEARL! HE QUESTIONS GAR EXCITEDLY. WHERE DID HE GET IT? "IT WAS GIVEN TO ME," REPLIES GAR, "BY THE OLD WOMAN KNOWN AS THE 'WITCH OF TAGO'! BUT I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO GO NEAR HER!"

BUT BARTON HAS HEARD ENOUGH. ANOTHER CLUE TO THE SOURCE OF THE FABULOUS FLAME PEARLS! THE ARGOS BIDS FAREWELL TO THE AMAZING "GHOST SHIP" -- AND HEADS FOR TAGO ISLE, AND THE OLD WOMAN KNOWN AS THE "WITCH OF TAGO"!



TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★ The High Wall

IN the old days we had thriller dramas in which so long as justice was done in the last reel no one cared a hang about explaining the mental processes of the villains.

Sometimes I think the old pictures were a lot better. There are too many film sins committed in the name of psychiatry.

Take narco-synthesis, for instance. That impressive term is used to explain the result of an injection of sodium pentathol, which can force a patient to "tell all."

At least it always does in films.

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's drama "The High Wall," starring Robert Taylor and Audrey Totter, at the St. James, narco-synthesis is used twice, once believably and once incredulously.

I accept the suggestion that a bad case of neurosis might react well to the use of pentathol, but I cannot accept the absurd situation in which a woman doctor runs round the countryside carrying a purse containing a hypodermic and pentathol as a potential weapon against a murderer.

In the words of satirical poet Dorothy Parker, "Guns aren't lawful," but I should imagine that a good gun would be a better friend to a girl facing a spot of bother than a hypodermic syringe and a bottle of sodium pentathol.

Apart from this, "The High Wall" is a good tough melodrama, and gives Taylor a chance for real acting which hasn't come his way for a long time.

Audrey Totter isn't a glamor girl, but I liked the crisp and natural way in which she acted.

★ If Winter Comes

CHANGE of the period setting of a plot does not ensure a good film.

I have vague memories of seeing a star called Percy Marmont about twenty-five years ago in an adaptation of English author A. S. M. Hutchinson's best-seller of that time, "If Winter Comes."

It was a real tear-jerker opus.

To-day we find that MGM has dusted the cobwebs off the story and brought it out again as a modern drama starring Walter Pidgeon and Deborah Kerr.

Just why the setting has been transferred to World War II it is hard to understand, as it only emphasises the saccharine quality of a story which to modern eyes is ridiculous.

At the risk of being called frivolous, I will say that to me the film's most conspicuous moment is when we see a 1939 English village cricket match in which some of the players wear straw boater hats.

Even when poor Walter Pidgeon and Deborah Kerr were registering the keenest suffering later on, I found myself remembering those frantic straw hats.

Casting Walter Pidgeon as Mark Salter, the man who becomes the target of village gossip, is one of the year's mistakes.

Pidgeon is obviously uneasy about the part. His scenes with his shrewish wife (Angela Lansbury) and his real love (Deborah Kerr) don't ring true for a second. Pidgeon is far too sensible and competent an actor to appear offhand, but I am certain that Mark's incredible nobility must have irritated him enormously.

For the second time in American films Deborah Kerr's personality is so muted that it is almost colorless.

The film is at the Liberty.

Your Coupons

TEA: 17-28 (in June 13).
BUTTER: 19-31 (expire June 13, when not otherwise available).
WHEAT: Red: 41-46, Blue: 48 and 51.
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947). 1-56 (1948).

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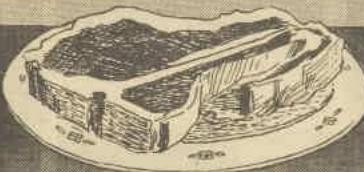
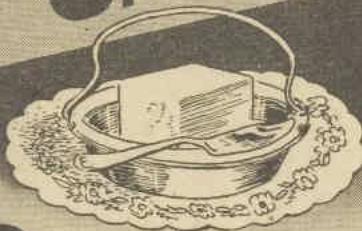
The Australian Women's Weekly — May 22, 1948

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It happened in America...

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The Australian Women's Weekly — May 22, 1948

UNLESS the Federal Government is given the unchallengeable right to continue price control, this necessary protection of your home and your family budget could vanish overnight. You'd be at the mercy of the grasping profiteer.

The State Governments CANNOT control all prices. Don't be misled by the opponents of price control —

PLAY SAFE
vote YES
AND KEEP PRICES **DOWN**

Authorised by W. B. Dickson, M.L.C., Parliament House, Sydney.



HANDSHAKE for Mrs. B. E. Fountain from Southern Districts Picnic Race Club president, Angus Power, when he hands over trophy won by her horse, St. Charles. Secretary Ted Williams looks on.

Cootamundra Picnics

CLUB president Angus Power receives many congratulations when, after nearly 60 hours of almost continuous rain, weather does an about turn and day of Southern Districts Picnic Race Club meeting dawns bright and clear.

Angus and wife Joyce are fine hosts, and latter's big luncheon party and cocktail "do" in marquee at Cootamundra Racecourse are both wonderful success.

Joyce receives cheerful assistance in entertaining from Medesmes Ken Foster, Bill Manning, Bob Lloyd Jones, Ralph Ward, Ginty Waugh, and Warrie Holman.

Incidentally, Joyce and Mrs. Griff Tait of Gunnonggrawrah, Coolac, have thrill of seeing their horse Silver Falcon win the Flagstaff Maiden. Silver Falcon was given to them by Jimmy Bandrodt, after it had broken down at Randwick, and they have permission to race it at picnic meetings.

SEE many people from Young at meeting, and run into Mrs. Horton Browne, who brought her horse Canoodie over for the J. A. Gibb Progressive. Marion, as the president's wife, is busy preparing for the Young Picnic Race Club meeting this Friday. She expects daughter Frances, who missed Cootamundra in favor of Gunnedah and then Muswellbrook, home for the meeting.



DINNER PARTY. Pat Stratton, of Cootamundra, Peter Minter, of Gundagai, Irene Allison, of Sydney; Peter Main, of Cootamundra; Keith Goddard and Marnie Hemphill, of Sydney, were among guests at dinner party at home of Mrs. Des Stratton.



YASS VISITORS. Mrs. Owen Merriman, in a slate-grey jacket-suit, and Mrs. Ernest Merriman, in maroon-and-black corded tweed, await start of first race.



WIRILLA CUP winner Skipalong receives a pat on the nose from Mrs. Angus Power, while his owner, Mr. S. R. Coward, of Riverslea, Cooma, proudly watches him, and Radiance Coward receives the Cup.



VISITORS FROM AMERICA. Mr. and Mrs. H. Sidney Laughlin, chat with Mrs. George Walker, of Yass. Mrs. Laughlin, formerly Karleen Vaughan, of Cootamundra, wears wonderful zorilla fur stole.



YOUTHFUL FOURSOME. Robin Page, of Young, John Rees, of Gundagai, clerk of the course, and recently-married Helen and Neville Shannon, of Bogalara, Yass.



SMART BLUE SUITS are worn by both Mrs. Alan Bratty and Mrs. John Dent when they assist with hostessing of buffet lunch in marquee at Cootamundra racecourse.

BRIEFLY: Bill Manning passed his red coat, complete with moth holes, and clerk of course duties over to John Rees when he decided to ride in a race for the first time in twenty years. He won the race on his horse, Cockade. Jill Robinson, over from Gundagai, is thrilled about coming trip to England on Strathaird in June. She is looking forward to seeing the London Horse Show. Nancy and Peggy Sawyer, of Benthungra, danced with excitement when Nancy's horse, Aglala, won the J. A. Gibb Progressive. Joe and Jean Magennis, of Jeir, Yass, had rough drive over muddy roads to get to meeting, but didn't bring any horses with them this time. Joe said the mud was so bad at Jeir he couldn't ride a horse round his property. The Robert Scotts, of Brawlin, packed bags after the meeting to drive to Moree for races there on May 25. They are guests of the Val Sollings, of Eri-Eriwah.



RACE CLUB BALL. Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of Young, dances with Warrie Holman, of Cootamundra. Hazel wears a fox cape, birthday present from her husband, over a soft blue gown.

These are the hats which
Paris likes for winter. You will
note they are mostly small
beret influence and worn very
much on one side of the head
the exception is an occasional large
shape for dinner and the
platypus line interpreted by
Simone and Harry for dinner

Paris Hats



Horrockses

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1 MEETING ON PLANE causes wealthy Alison Courtland (Claudette Colbert) to tell Bruce Elcott (Robert Cummings) that she cannot remember why she took trip away from home.

SLEEP, MY LOVE

TRIANGLE FILMS, an independent company which is controlled by Mary Pickford in Hollywood, is responsible for the dramatic adaptation of Leo Rosten's novel "Sleep, My Love."

Former actor Buddy Rogers, who is Mary Pickford's husband, acted as co-producer for the film, which is released through United Artists.

The starring trio of Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and Robert Cummings head the strong cast, and the much publicised Hazel Brooks has a feature role as a model.



3 AMBITIOUS MODEL Daphne (Hazel Brooks), who wants to marry Dick, plots with photographer Vernay (George Colouris) to make Alison believe that she is slowly going insane.



5 FIRST SUSPICION that Dick is plotting against his wife makes Bruce determined to find real reason for her fear.



7 UNDER HYPNOSIS, Alison, urged by Dick, takes a gun to shoot Vernay when he makes his next visit. Dick and Daphne want Vernay killed as he knows their plans and is blackmailing them over the fortune they hope to get.



2 RETURNING HOME, Alison is horrified when her husband, Dick (Don Ameche), tells her she had tried to kill him with a gun while she was in a trance the night before.



4 AN IMPERSONATION as psychiatrist takes Vernay, at Dick's request, to Alison's home, where they try to convince her that she is likely to commit murder.



6 AT CAFE, Daphne warns Dick to get rid of Alison, as she is tired of waiting for him to control Alison's money.



8 RESCUED by Bruce, who discovers plot, Alison sees Vernay kill Dick, and hears the whole story from Bruce.

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The Purple Plain

BURKE let go Forrester's arm abruptly and slowly Harris walked over to the jeep with him. The hood of the jeep was raised, and Forrester pulled himself up by the supports of it and sat down inside.

Without a word, Harris walked round and got into the driver's seat on the other side.

In the moment before he started the engine, Forrester heard, from the direction of the ambulance, the voice of Burke drilling the bearers as if she were an enraged firing squad.

"Get the thing out of the way, you dead beats! Get the thing away!"

He heard her and grinned. She looked offended and angry, and yet lonely, as she stood shouting between the ambulance and the plane.

Harris drove the jeep slowly away across the strip. The afternoon had for Forrester all the staggering, unreal brightness of the day when Harris had first driven him out there, but now Harris did not talk and did not drive madly in and out of the bullock tracks, and the sun bouncing off the dark road and the little railway track and the hard crystalline dust did not trouble his eyes.

It was past five o'clock when they drove in under the shade of the tamarinds and palms at the village edge. He caught the acrid smell of fires. He saw a few villagers squatting about them in the dusty compounds.

Suddenly Harris stopped the jeep. "Tired?" he said. "Eyes ached at all?" He looked at Forrester closely.

"No."

"Let's look at your tongue."

Forrester put out his tongue and waggled it comically up and down. "Can't keep a good man down," Harris said.

"Was I always good?"

"No," Harris said, "you were bad."

"Very bad?"

"You were awful. You were lucky nobody hit you. I could have hit you myself," he said.

"Thanks," Forrester said.

Harris smiled, decently and without a word. Slowly he let in the clutch and drove along the track of shade. About fifty yards from the house he stopped the jeep, parking it under a tree.

"We'll walk the rest," Harris said.

They did not speak as they walked together to the house. In a few moments he was under the deep-shaded shade of the margosa tree.

Miss McNab was coming across the compound from the house. The mother came out of the house, too, and stood on the steps of the verandah like a dark cream idol, and the elder sister came slowly after her, but he did not see the girl.

Miss McNab came running forward and began to cry. Holding his hands, she could not speak, and she did not look like the excited, dominant Miss McNab he had known.

From the verandah the mother and sister came to speak to him.

"I will make some tea," the sister said. They, too, shook hands.

"Where's Anna?" he said.

Miss McNab suddenly calmed herself and began to smile.

"I'll take you in," she said. "I'm crying like a loony now, if you ever heard such a thing. Tears in my eyes and I can't see." She savagely tried to brush the tears from her face.

He followed her across the compound and into the house. In the room where he had sung Alleluiahs with her and had seen the floor strewn with the wounded and the dead, she turned to him and spoke in a whisper.

"She's in there," she said. "Asleep, I think. She hasn't slept much until to-day."

He stood waiting. The pinkish tear-wet powder on her face was touching in its sublime ugliness.

"You can go in," she said.

She spoke very simply, in a whisper, pointing to the curtain of dark purple cloth that separated the room from another.

"I ought not to wake her," he said.

"No need to wake her," she said. "You look as if you haven't slept much yourself."

"No. No sleep," he said.

"Go in and lie down and sleep

Continued from page 13

with her," she said. "Nothing will be said in this house about that sort of sleep together."

She smiled very softly again with the most tearful, powdery ugliness, and then suddenly went out of the room and left him there.

Forrester stood for a moment, listening. There was no sound in the heat of the afternoon. He waited for another moment, and then pulled back the curtain and went into the room beyond.

Anna was lying asleep, fully dressed, on the wide, low bed of bamboo. He stood for a moment looking down at her face. It was exhausted and quiet and dead with sleep, and the rosy crimson frangipani flower had fallen on to the bed from her black hair.

Forrester took off his shoes—the same dusty suede shoes that had taken him down the valley with Blore and Carrington—and stood looking down at her face. He looked at her for a few moments longer with tenderness, and then lay down beside her on the bed. He was very quiet, and she did not stir.

He lay there for some moments without moving, listening to the great silence of the burning plain outside—the burning, savage, glittering plain he had so much hated—slowly breathing in the deep scent that had begun to fall from the margosa tree and overpower the hot smell of dust and mingle with the scent of the fallen frangipani flower.

From all across the hot distances of the plain there was no breath of sound. In the small bare room with its bamboo-shaded windows there was no glitter of sun.

Forrester picked up the stem of the frangipani flower and held it in his hands. The flowers were still blooming, as the girl had said they would be, and he remembered now that they stood for immortality.

Breathing in the scent of them in a great gasp that was like an agony of relief and pleasure, he shut his eyes. There was nothing he asked for now but to lie beside Anna and sleep too.

Outside, the plain was purple in the falling dusk, and the long day was over.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

I HAVE selected a representative group of letters from readers to answer this week.

A holiday wardrobe for Sydney, in August, was one request, and another reader asks for a design for renovating a black evening frock of prewar satin.

A FRIEND and I are going to Sydney by bus in August and would like advice about clothes. Will it be very cold there then? We both live in southern Victoria, where it is extremely cold during the winter.

August is one of Sydney's coldest months, but you will not find Sydney weather as cold as that of southern Victoria. A wool suit, a wool dress, a fur coat or a warm topper, and your daytime wardrobe is fixed for Sydney in August. At night the clothes you will need depend on where you go and what you intend to do. In restaurants and night-clubs, both formal and informal fashions are worn; the same thing applies to parties in private houses. It would be advisable to bring one floor-length dress and a dress and hat suitable for the occasion when your hostess or escort says "Don't dress." If your visit extends to September you'll still be glad of warm light wools.

I HAVE a black satin evening dress and the material (pre-war) is so lovely I hate to discard it, so wondered if you would help me renovate it? The bodice is not too bad; in fact, I think it could remain as it is, it's just fitted and finished with shoulder-straps, but the skirt looks old-fashioned.

It's rather difficult to give practical advice about your renovation

because you did not mention the cut of the skirt. However, if there is sufficient material in the skirt, it could be recut into shaped panels, alternating the black satin with pink satin overlaid with black lace. You might also consider a bertha collar for the bodice, made of black lace mounted on pink, to match the panels in the skirt.

WOULD you please suggest smart new ways to accent my waistline? I have a naturally small waist, and, as the new silhouette seems to emphasise tiny waists, I would like to cash in on my good fortune. I would also like advice for a friend who is slim, but has not a small waist measurement.

You are certainly lucky to have a tiny waist. Most of us are not so fortunate, including, it seems, your friend. Your friend's waistline may be helped by the light, laced waistbands now being made. She will also find many of the new clothes are specially designed to create, by contrast of hip and bosom padding, the illusion of a small waist.

Exercises done regularly are another help in inducing the current line. Now for your own question—belts in many forms and fashions are being utilised to accent the waist. An important fashion is the cummerbund belt to match or contrast with an ensemble. Taking its cue from the guepiere (short laced corset) it is a dramatic waistlet belt, intended only for formal clothes. It is made of black velvet, with black velvet ribbon lacing. Patent-leather belts for belts have been brought into the lime-light by Parisian designer Christian Dior. The belts (they come in all widths) are linked with matching shoes and bags.



A JACKET like this looks well with a skirt and cummerbund, can also double for evening wear.

I HAVE just made myself a grey wool circular skirt and matching cummerbund, and, as it is successful, I would like to make a jacket to complete the ensemble. What type of jacket would be best, long or short? I am very slim and rather small, and just 17 years of age. What colors are new with grey, please?

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A short rib-hugging jacket cut to show cummerbund belt would be a perfect jacket to wear with your circular skirt. You will find this type of short jacket flattering to your petite figure. A deep, rosy-red looks lovely with grey, so does lemon-yellow or cocoa-brown. By the way, if you make the jacket in a pretty color it can double for an evening jacket. It will be chic as chic with a sweep of fullness below the waistline.

MY mother has given me some moleskins, enough for a fur collar or a fur collar to trim the jacket of a suit. Would you design the suit? The material for the suit is wine-red wool. I have rather conservative taste in clothes, so no "new look" please, yet I want it to look smart. I am in my early twenties and just of medium build.

Use your skins to make a round flat collar. It will look far newer and younger on a jacket than fur revers. Have the skins made up by a furrier, or someone who has had experience in handling fur skins. For the suit, a wrist-length jacket, with a double-breasted fastening, would be charming finished with the round collar. Have the skirt straight with a centre seam back and front and have it 13in. from the ground. A suit designed on these lines would look smart, and at the same time be classic enough to appeal to your conservative taste in fashion.

Our cover designs:

Merry jumper for colder days

● Snug as a bunny rug is this gaily banded sweater illustrated in natural color on our cover. Specially designed for 3-5-year-olds.

MATERIALS:

4 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool which should be used to ensure success), shade No. 2326 (brown); 2 skeins shade No. 2185 (maize), 1 skein shade No. 2205 (green), 2138 (red), and 2101 (royal-blue); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 12; 1 crochet hook; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18in.; chest, 26in.; length of sleeve seam, 12in.

Abbreviations: M, maize; br, brown; g, green; r-b, royal-blue.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and br. wool, cast on 68 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

A N O T H E R picture of our cover frock, designed to fit little girls, four needles.

Using br. wool, work 12 rows st-st.

13th Row: Using m wool, k.

14th Row: * P 4

m, 2 g, 4 m, 2 r.

4 m, 2 g, 4 m; rep. from * to end. 15th Row: * K 4 m, 2 g, (1 m, 3 r) 3 times, 1 m, 2 g, 4 m; rep. from * to end.

16th Row: * P 1 r-b, 3 m, 1 g, 2 m, 2 r, 4 m, 2 r, 2 m, 1 g, 3 m, 1 r-b; rep. from * to end.

17th Row: * K 1 r-b, 9 m, 2 r, 9 m, 1 r-b; rep. from * to end.

18th Row: * P 1 r, 2 r-b, 3 m, 2 r, 1 m, 1 r, 2 m, 1 r, 1 m, 2 r, 3 m, 2 r-b, 1 r; rep. from * to end.

19th Row: * K 1 r, 2 r-b, 3 m, 2 r, 1 m, 1 r, 2 m, 1 r, 1 m, 2 r, 3 m, 2 r-b, 1 r; rep. from * to end.

20th Row: * P 1 r-b, 3 m, 2 g, 4 m, 2 r, 4 m, 2 g, 3 m, 1 r-b; rep. from * to end.

21st Row: * K 1 r-b, 3 m, 2 g, 1 m, 2 r, 4 m, 2 r, 1 m, 2 g, 3 m, 1 r-b; rep. from * to end.

22nd Row: * P 4 m, 1 g, 2 m, (2 r, 1 m) twice, 2 r, 2 m, 1 g, 4 m; rep. from * to end.

23rd Row: * K 10 m, 2 r, 10 m; rep. from * to end.

24th Row: Using m wool, p.

Rep. these 24 rows and when work

measures 8in., shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 5in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.



FEEL
BETTER!
FEEL
BRIGHTER!

MADE IN real winter colors, red, wood-brown, and forest-green, with cream bands for relief, our cover sweater will fit tiny tots three to five years.



Take

VINCENT'S
A.P.C.

with Confidence!



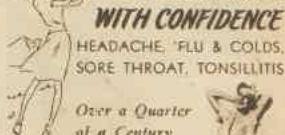
Enjoy Winter Fun!
Race over the snowy slopes! Run! Glide across the skating rink and thrill to the zip of the flashing blades cutting the ice in a burst of speed! On the golf course, step up, tee up, and drive off with confidence!

Let VINCENT'S A.P.C. help you keep fit this winter! Vincent's will make you feel better and brighter! For over a quarter of a century VINCENT'S better-balanced formula has been proved safe and effective for the relief of Flu and Colds, Sore Throat, Laryngitis and Tonsillitis. Place your confidence in genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders and Tablets!



Flu and Colds, Sore Throat, Laryngitis and Tonsillitis. Place your confidence in genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders and Tablets!

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WITH CONFIDENCE



HEADACHE, FLU & COLDS,
SORE THROAT, TONSILLITIS

Over a Quarter
of a Century
of Pain Relief!



Genuine
VINCENT'S
A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY TAKE VINCENT'S
POWDERS & TABLETS

Continued on page 31



to six years of age. Knit it in soft green, gold, jewel-beige, china-pink, or blue, as you prefer, with suitable contrast bands. Directions below.

... and a delightful frock for a party-minded lass

SIMPLE touches of hand embroidery allied with the gaily decorative bands of knitting lift this little frock out of the ordinary.

Materials: Six skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool to be used to ensure success of garment), shade No. 2163 (blue); 1 skein each of shade No. 2138 (red), 2185 (maize), 111 (green), and 2200 (navy); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons; 1 press-stud.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in.; chest, 24-26in.; length of sleeve seam, 2in.

Abbreviations: Bl, blue; r, red; m, maize; g, green; n, navy.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using m wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 161 sts. K 2 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to g wool, k 2 rows. Change to r wool, k 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1 n, * 3 bl, 1 n, rep. from * to end.

Using bl. wool, p 1 row, then cont. in st-st. for 2in.

1st Row: K 1 n, * 3 bl, 1 n, rep. from * to end.

Using m wool, p 2 rows.

4th Row: P 1 bl, * 1 n, 3 bl, rep. from * to last 3 sts. p 1 n, 2 bl.

Using bl. wool, work in st-st. for 2in.

Rep. the 4 rows of patt., using g wool. Using bl. wool, work in st-st. for 2in. Rep. the 4 rows of patt. using r wool.

Cont. in st-st. with bl. wool until work measures 15in.

Next Row: K 2, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 (82 sts.).

P 1 row.

K 2 rows m, 2 rows g, 2 rows r.

Next Row: K 1 n, * 3 bl, 1 n, rep. from * to end.

Change to bl. wool, p 1 row, then cont. in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 88 sts. When work measures 17in., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times.

Next Row: K 36 sts. (leave remaining 32 sts. on a spare needle).

Cont. on last 36 sts. making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. above opening and 2 more 1in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row (wrong side): P 2, cast off 2 sts., p to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 2.

When armhole measures 5in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Leave remaining 24 sts. on spare needle.

Join wool at centre back, cast on

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

3rd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

26th Row: K 1, p 4, dot, * p 7, dot, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 4, k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

24th Row: K 1, p 6, dot, p 3, dot, * p 11, dot, p 3, dot, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 1, p 6, dot, p 11, dot, * p 3, dot, p 11, dot, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 6, k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

Continued on page 31

A NEW IDEA
IN RADIO
TOO!



The Chairside

Combination Console
Designed for "leisurely listening," the Chairside panders to your after-dinner laziness. Change your radio programme from your armchair. Automatic Record Changer plays 12 records—don't lift your little finger. Supplied as a 5 valve A.C. Broadcast Model, £27/17/6; or Dual-Wave Receiver, £22/17/6. Both models have 12" speaker, imported Automatic Record Changer.



The Table Model

Large 8" speaker, special circuit design, and acoustically-correct cabinet, give you tone never before heard in a table model. 5 valve A.C. Broadcast Receiver, £24/7/6; or Dual-Wave model—same cabinet! — for A.C. or Vibrator use. Price slightly higher in West Australia.



The Colt

A 4 valve mantel radio, small but mighty powerful, designed for room-to-room use, with built-in aerial. Price 18 guineas. Battery model, £23/17/6. Prices slightly higher in West Australia.

Table Model and Colt available in walnut, ivory and eau de nil.



Double the lustre . . . halve the labour!

Linoleum colours are sparkling fresh . . . wood flooring glows with a regal lustre! This is the new floor beauty YOU can look forward to when you put the new Tecnico Electric Polisher-Scrubber to work. This streamlined toiler brings a glow of youth to surfaces that might otherwise show their age—a polish that keeps floors cleaner because dirt doesn't penetrate.

Can you imagine anything easier on the hands . . . kinder to the knees? Simply clip the brushes in place (hard for scrubbing, soft for polishing), flick the finger-tip switch and just guide your Tecnico Electric Polisher around, whilst its rapidly revolving brushes simply whizz over the floor. Just a matter of minutes. That's all!

The Tecnico employs *three separate brushes*, one revolving in the opposite direction to the other two. This has the effect of providing sufficient movement to the polisher, without any violent tendency to "slither away" from the operator. With its special 3-brush construction, you'll find the Tecnico is easier, faster, and more efficient to operate. Price £26/17/6, including 2 sets of brushes.

ALL YOU DO IS GUIDE IT

it polishes
it scrubs

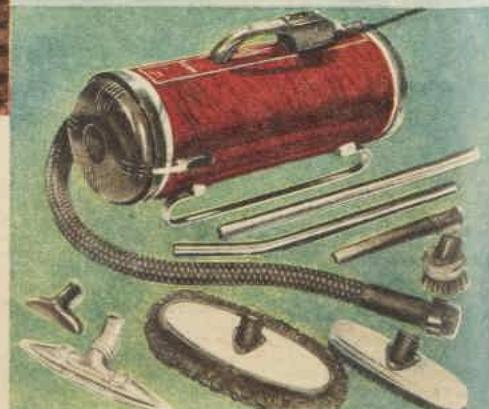
Just the machine for hospitals,
hotels, homes, guest houses,
schools, professional rooms,
shops and dozens of
other uses.

Available from better class retailers
throughout Australia.



Another popular labour saver!

One of the most popular post-war cleaners, the Tecnico represents the best value for your money. Quiet, more powerful . . . built to give years of unfailing service . . . fully guaranteed . . . supplied with 9 standard attachments. Price 18 guineas, complete.



ELECTRIC
FLOOR POLISHER BY
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TECNICO LIMITED, CARRINGTON ROAD, MARRICKVILLE, N.S.W.

MISS MUFFET CAPE



BACK VIEW of the hooded cape which will fit babies from four to ten months of age. It is illustrated in color on page 11.

• Your baby will look as pretty as a picture in this adorable easy-to-knit hooded cape.

MATERIALS:

2 balls "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof baby wool (white); 2 balls "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof baby wool (blue). (This is the only wool which should be used); 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 1yd. ribbon; 1 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Bl., blue; w., white; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; ch., chain.

CAPE

Using No. 10 needles and w. wool, cast on 88 sts.

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Knit.
3rd Row: K 66, turn.
4th Row: K 66.
5th Row: Knit.
6th Row: Knit.

These 6 rows comprise 1 stripe, and are repeated throughout in alternate colors. Cont. in patt.

until 27 w. and 26 bl. stripes have been worked. Cast off.

HOOD

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 46 sts. in w. wool and k 6 rows of each color. When 11 w. stripes and 10 bl. stripes have been completed, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.

Hood: Fold in half and stitch back seam. Work 3 rows d.c. around hood. Fold back lin. on front edge.

Cape: Work 3 rows d.c. around outside edge of cape, working 2nd row (instead of d.c.) across neck as follows: * 1 tr. in next d.c., 3 ch., miss 2 d.c., rep. from * to end of neck row.

Sew hood to cape. Thread ribbon through holes.

"JILL" . . . a lovely frock

Continued from page 29

Work 3 rows in st-st.
5th Row: K 1, p 8, * dot, p 7, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

13th Row: K 1, p 10, dot, p 3, dot, * p 11, dot, p 3, dot, rep. from * to last 11 sts., p 10, k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

17th Row: K 1, p 12, dot, * p 15, dot, rep. from * to last 13 sts., p 12, k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

21st Row: As 13th row.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

25th Row: As 9th row.

BEGIN ARMOHOLE

Keeping the continuity of the patt., cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the needle of each of the next two rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the needle in every row until 71 sts. rem. Cont. in patt. without shaping until 49 patt. rows have been worked. K 25 sts., cast off 21 sts., k to end of row.

Work on the last 25 sts. as follows:

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every alt. row until 21 sts. rem. Cont. working on these 21 sts. in patt. until armhole measures 5in. Cast off 7 sts. of each alt. row three times. Join in wool where sts. were left, and work to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work exactly as for front until 71 sts. rem.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until armhole measures same as front.

K 25 sts., cast off 21 sts., k to end of row.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every alt. row, and at the same time k 2 tog. at neck edge of every row.

Join wool to where sts. were left and work to correspond with other shoulder.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 57 sts. and work rows 1 to 11 inclusive as for front.

12th Row: K 1, p 19, inc. 1 st. in each of the next 16 sts., p to last st., k 1 (73 sts.).

Work 5 rows in st-st. Cont. in patt. thus:

until 27 w. and 26 bl. stripes have been worked. Cast off.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

5th Row: K 1, p 33, dot, p 3, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle in each row.

9th Row: K 2 tog., p 29, dot, p 7, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row.

13th Row: K 2 tog., p 25, dot, p 11, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle in each row.

17th Row: K 2 tog., p 21, dot, p 15, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle in each row.

21st Row: K 2 tog., p 21, dot, p 11, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle in each row.

25th Row: K 2 tog., p 21, dot, p 15, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. as before.

29th Row: K 2 tog., p 21, dot, p 3, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in st-st., dec. as before.

33rd Row: K 2 tog., p 21, dot, p 9, dot, p to last st., k 1.

Cont. to work in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle in every row until 25 sts. rem.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. Sew left shoulder seam for about 1in. from shoulder.

Using No. 12 needles and right side of work facing, pick up and knit 96 sts. round neck. Work in rib, k 1, p 1 for 6 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Before joining, embroider flowers and leaves in each diamond. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering at the top to fit armholes. Work 2 rows of d.c. round shoulder opening, making 4 loop buttonholes in second row on front shoulder. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops.

Tragedy at 18!



**Caused by
a gum infection that
S.R. Toothpaste
might have prevented**

You may think your teeth are sound—but if your gums bleed easily . . . feel soft, sore or spongy—some of those teeth may soon have to be extracted. If you want to help save your teeth, you must act at once. Use S.R.—the new kind of toothpaste which helps to guard gums against infection. S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which is often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. That will do everything a toothpaste can to keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

**HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS
NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE**

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FOOD FOR FITNESS

to the last drop!



A smooth, creamy, chocolaty cup of goodness—that's Bournville Cocoa. It's the rich, body-building drink that children really love; and it's just as nourishing and satisfying as it is delicious. Keep a jug-full of Bournville Cocoa on hand to supply growing active bodies with the nourishment they need. It's *the* really economical food drink for children and adults alike.



Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE COCOA

Piping Hot

By Our
Food and
Cookery Experts

BEST welcome home to a hungry family is a well-cooked meal. Dishes for which recipes are given below have the satisfying qualities demanded by appetites sharpened by cold weather. Braised oxtail and braised sheep's tongues can be kept hot for latecomers without any loss of flavor or nutritive value. There's nothing at all elaborate about these recipes, but menus which include them are sure to be popular.

BAKED OXTAIL

One oxtail, 1 scant dessertspoon sliced onion, 1 tablespoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 1 grated carrot, 2 cups stock or water, 1 dessertspoon sauce, 1 small teaspoon Worcester sauce, 7 or 8 tiny whole onions. Cut tail into joints, remove as fat as possible. Roll in flour, salt and pepper. Melt fat, add flour, onions, brown well. Remove, add sliced carrots, brown well. Add herbs, stock, pepper, brown lightly if flour is still boiling. Replace joints, cover, simmer 2½ to 3 hours. Half an hour before serving, add Worcester sauce.

before serving, add tiny whole onions. Turn on to hot dish, serve with diced carrot and turnip and serve with wedges of cabbage (cooked separately).

Note: If using a pressure cooker, prepare as above, but cook only 15 minutes. Pressure should be reduced and the lid removed 6 or 7 minutes before the end of the cooking time.

HOT APPLE CHARLOTTE
 Five, 1 or 5 apples, thin piece lemon
 rind, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 11 cups
 cake crumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 egg-yolks,
 1 cup coconut, cherries to garnish, 4 or
 5 slices stale bread, margarine for try-
 ing.
 Crusts from bread, cut into
 squares as long as depth
 of dish, brown in oven.

Remove crusts from bread, cut into strips 1 in. wide and as long as depth of tin to be used. Fry Golden brown sides of greased cake-tin. Wash and core 1 apple, cut into thin slices, drench with lemon juice. Arrange on bottom of tin, filling core holes with cherries. Stew remaining apples with cherries, sugar, water, and lemon rind. Remove lemon rind, strain off syrup. Beat apples to a pulp, fold in coconut, cake crumbs, beaten egg-yolks, and milk. Fill into tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out carefully and serve piping hot. If liked

apple syrup may be flavored with lemon juice, thickened with arrowroot, and used as a sauce.

RASPBERRY COCONUT TARTS
Four ounces margarine or butter,
two tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 5 oz. flour,
1/2 oz. baking-powder, pinch

Filling: One cup coconut, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, raspberry

Heat butter and sugar
add egg-yolk mix well. Work in short
flour, baking-powder, and salt, making
dough. Roll thinly on floured
surface, cut out with floured cutter, and
Beat eggs.

board, cut with nozzles into patty-tins. Prepare filling by adding milk, sugar, and coconut to pastry-cases, press a little into centre of each. Bake in oven at 425°F. for 12 to 15 minutes. These make a delicious dinner sweet served with custard.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP
One bunch spinach (green part only),
dissolve in a dessertspoon margarine or
butter, add a dessertspoon flour, 2
tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1/2 cup

1 One bunch spinach
1 heaped dessertspoon margarine
butter, 2 heaped dessertspoons flour,
2 cups milk, 2 slices onion, 2 sprigs
salt

taste, 1 or 2 tablespoons grated cheese, croutons of toast.

Wash spinach thoroughly, place in saucepan, sprinkle with salt. Cover and cook over low heat 12 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Chop finely, then rub through coarse strainer. Bring milk through salt, pepper, and parsley sprigs almost to boiling point. Stand aside 5 minutes, strain. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, without stirring until boiling. Put in spinach mixture and grated cheese. Serve piping hot with toast croutons. **TONGUES**

RAISED SHEEP'S TONGUES

RAISED SHEEP'S
OUR sheep's tongues, 11 cups stock
water, 2 small carrots, 2 sticks celery,
piece of swede, 1 small onion, 1 cup
green peas, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 heaped
teaspoon flour, salt and cayenne to
taste, 1/2 cup parsley. Place

Wash tongues well, trim roots. Place in pan with stock or water, cover and simmer until tender, 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Drain, reserve stock. Remove skins while hot. Cut each tongue in halves lengthwise. Melt fat in stock, add flour in cups with water. Continue up to 1/2 until boiling. Simmer gently, stirring and peas. Simmer 20 minutes. Correct seasoning, fold in tongues, and reheat. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.





BRIMFUL with CREAM

... when Trufood is in the pantry.

Rich, creamy milk... fresh as the dawn of a new day... only the water removed. No wonder Trufood's the richest powdered milk of all — richest for drinking — for cooking — for baby. When you need milk there's a cow in your pantry if you have a tin of Trufood.

TRUFOOD FULL CREAM
Powdered Milk
Trufood

The money-saving 3 lb. tin
IN TWO SIZES
And the handy 12 oz.
makes 4 pints

Made in a moment! There are two gallons of rich dairy milk, containing nearly half a pint of cream, from every 3-lb. tin of Trufood.

★ Only fresh milk goes into Trufood — no preservatives are added.

TO MAKE THE MOST OF SAVOURIES...

A modest dab of mustard adds a great deal of relish, and savouries simply demand it. Good cooks make sure the mustard is Keen's, for there is nothing like Keen's Mustard to bring out flavour and improve picquancy.

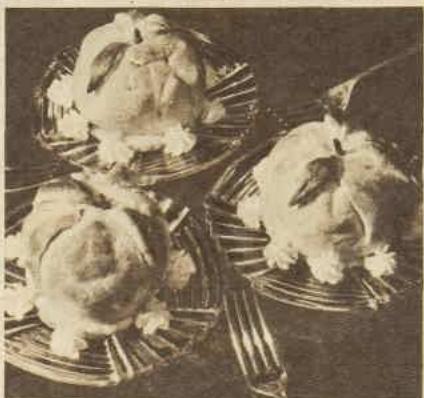
ask for
KEEN'S
MUSTARD



K4/128



ABOVE: Economy luncheon dish serves three people — uses only three eggs. Thicken 1 cup milk with 1 dessertspoon flour. Add yolks, then stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs, salt to taste. Cook in heavy pan over low heat. Spread with cooked spaghetti flavored with cheese and tomato; fold, serve immediately.



PIPING — H O T apple dumplings are simple to make. Mould shortcrust pastry round small red apples — cored but not peeled. Brush with water, sprinkle with sugar, insert clove for stalk. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

Spiced with variety

BROWNED tripe with mushrooms, savory creamed beef, peanut pumpkin scones, and a breakfast croquette flavored with parsnip win cash prizes this week.

Tripe, a low-cost food, can be made delicious by careful cooking and flavoring. The addition of a few mushrooms, as suggested in the main prize-winning recipe below, adds a piquant flavor.

Pumpkin and potato, mashed and mixed well together, may be used instead of parsnips in the croquette recipe.

BROWNED TRIPE WITH MUSHROOMS

One pound tripe, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 small onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour, 1 pint water, 1 dessertspoon dry sherry or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon meat extract, salt and pepper, 3 or 4 mushrooms, 1 tomato, chopped parsley.

Wash tripe, scrape underside if necessary. Cover with cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh cold water, add salt; simmer 11 to 2 hours or until tender. Drain, cut into thin cubes. Melt fat in large pan, add finely chopped onion, garlic and tripe. Brown lightly; add flour, salt, and pepper, allow to brown. Stir in water, sherry or lemon juice, meat extract, chopped peeled mushrooms, and tomato. Cover pan and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot sprinkled with chopped parsley. First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Dell, Henry St., Noble Park, Vic.

SAVORY CREAMED BEEF

One heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, pinch salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce (may be omitted), 1½ cups diced cooked corned beef, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, chopped parsley.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour and salt. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk; continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in meat, carrot, horseradish. Stir until meat is thoroughly heated. Pile on to hot toast squares, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to V. Hall, 7 Washington St., Toorak, Vic.

PEANUT PUMPKIN SCONES

Three cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 cup cold mashed pump-

kin (very dry), 1 egg, 2 tablespoons chopped peanuts, milk to mix.

Sift flour and salt. Cream shortening with sugar, add pumpkin (beaten smooth), and peanuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then beaten egg and sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, press or roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into squares or rounds, place on greased tray, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Delicious served with honey.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Lock, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

PARSNIP AND MEAT CROQUETTES WITH APPLE SLICES

Two cups cooked mashed parsnip, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup finely diced cold meat, 1 cup thick white sauce, salt, pepper, little flour, thick apple slices.

Combine parsnip, onion, parsley, meat, sauce, salt, pepper. Spread on flat dish until quite cold. Shape a tablespoonful at a time into croquettes, roll lightly in flour. Fry golden brown in hot fat. Keep hot while apple slices (cored, but not peeled) are lightly fried. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Jewell, 6 Liguria St., Coogee, N.S.W.

DATE AND APPLE SHORTCAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4oz. chopped dates, good 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add sugar, lemon rind, chopped dates. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Divide into two portions, press or roll each portion to fit greased 7in. sandwich tin. Lift carefully into tins, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Remove carefully from tins, sandwich with hot apple filling; dust top lightly with icing sugar. Serve hot cut in wedges.

Filling: Three apples, 2 cloves, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons water, thin piece lemon rind.

Wash apples, leave unpeeled, chop roughly. Place in pan with sugar, water, cloves, and lemon rind. Simmer until soft. Rub through coarse strainer (draining off syrup).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Gappa, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

It isn't the burnt-on custard that makes your saucepan an old-timer



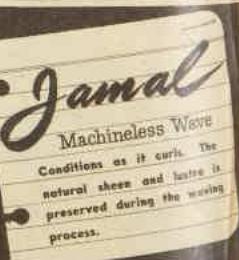
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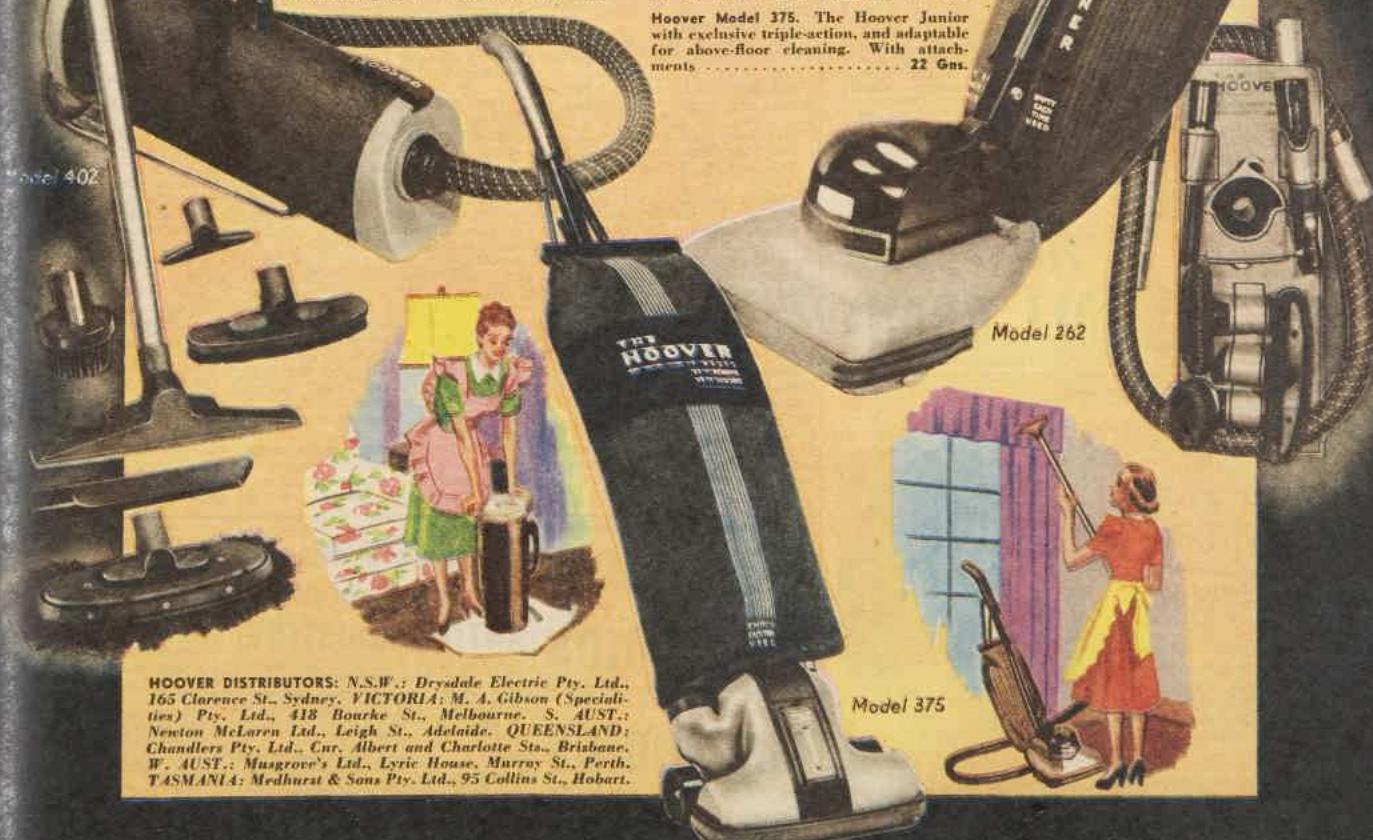
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Knitting directions for . . .

"CHERUB" baby set

• Graduated bands of a pretty smocking-stitch with "bells" between decorative frock and coat; yokes of both simulate smocking.

Illustrated in color on page 11

FROCK, coat, and bonnet designed specially for babies six to twelve months old. Set is ideal for all winter wear and the coat handy to slip over lighter smocks and dresses as the weather gets warmer.

FROCK

Materials: 3oz. Patons "Beehive" Lady Betty Pleat 3-ply Patonised Shrink-resist finish (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 10 needles; 4 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 16in.; width all round at underarm, 25in.; length of sleeve at underarm, 3in.

Tension: Measured on stocking-stitch; after pressing: 7 sts. to the inch in width.

FRONT

Cast on 129 sts. using No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row nine times.

11th Row: Knit.

12th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

13th Row: * K 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 13th row three times. Rep. last 6 rows once.

23rd Row: K 22, * p 2, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into the next st., p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 27 sts., p 2, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into the next st., p 2, k 2.

24th Row: P 22, * k 2, p 5, rep. from * to the last 24 sts., p 2, k 2.

25th Row: K 22, * p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 24 sts., p 2, k 2. Rep. the last 2 rows twice more.

30th Row: Rep. row 24.

31st Row: K 22, * p 2, k the next 5 sts. tog., p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 31 sts., p 2, k next 5 tog., p 2, k 2.

32nd Row: Purl.

33rd Row: * P 12, k to the last 12 sts. p 12.

34th Row: Purl.

25th Row: K 12, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to the last 12 sts., k 12.

36th Row: P 12, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to the last 12 sts., p 12.

37th Row: Rep. row 35.

38th Row: Rep. row 36.

39th Row: Knit. Rep. from row 34 to 38.

45th Row: K 32, * p 2, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into the next st., p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 37 sts., p 2, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into the next st., p 2, k 32.

46th Row: P 32, * k 2, p 5, rep. from * to the last 34 sts., k 2, p 32.

47th Row: K 32, * p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 34 sts., p 2, k 32, rep. the last 2 rows twice.

52nd Row: Rep. row 46.

53rd Row: K 32, * p 2, k the next 5 sts. tog., p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 41 sts., p 2, k the next 5 sts. tog., p 2, k 2.

54th Row: Purl. Rep. from * to **, only p or k 24 sts., whichever the case may be, each end of patt. instead of 12.

55th Row: Purl. Rep. from * to end of row. (This is called smock.)

56th Row: K 1, p 1 all along, ending with k 1.

3rd and 4th Rows: Keep continuity of rib, and moss-st.

5th Row: K 1, p 1, * smock, rep. from * to end of row.

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Knitting directions for . . .

N.B.—Directions for coat and bonnet will be published in next week's issue.

To make the coat and bonnet you will require 5 ozs. of wool (4 ozs. for coat and 1 oz. for bonnet.)

6th, 7th, and 8th Rows: Keep continuity of rib, and moss-st.

9th Row: Smock to end of row, odd sts. at end, work in rib.

10th, 11th, and 12th Rows: Keep continuity of rib, and moss-st.

13th Row: Rep. row 5. *** To make smocking longer keep rep. from row 6 to 13. When smocking and moss measures 3in. long, measuring when smocking and moss joins, commence to shape neck. Cast off 16 sts. (4 of these sts. belong to the underlap for the buttons to be sewn on, so in other half only cast off 12 sts.) The rest of work is finished in smocking, knitting 2 sts. tog. every row until 27 sts. rem. When work measures 4in. from beg. of smocking, cast off.

Join wool at centre-front, and work to correspond with the other half, working buttonholes as follows:

1st Row: Moss 3 sts. Cast off the next 2 sts. Work to end.

2nd Row: Work to the last 3 sts. Cast on 2 sts. Moss 3 sts. Make 3 more buttonholes at even distances apart.

BACK

Work the same as for front till the second 3 sts. at armhole have been cast off. Right side of work towards you, rep. smocking from *** to ***; then rows 6 to 13 of smocking till work is same length as the front. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 33 sts. Smock from *** to ***.

Next Row: P 3, * p twice into the next st., p 1, rep. from * to the end of the row (78 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 35, p 2, * (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into the next st., p 2, rep. from * once, k 35.

2nd Row: P 35, k 2, (p 5, k 2) twice, p 35.

3rd Row: K 35, p 2, (k 5, p 2) twice, k 35, Rep. the last 2 rows twice.

8th Row: Rep. row 12.

11th Row: K 62, p 2, k the next 5 sts. tog., p 2, k 5, rep. from * to the last 61 sts. p 2, k the next 5 sts. tog., p 2, k 52.

58th Row: Purl. Rep. from *** to **, only p or k 48 sts., whichever the case may be, each end of patt. instead of 12.

111th Row: K 62, p 2, (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1) into the next st., p 2, k 62.

112th Row: P 62, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 62.

113th Row: K 62, p 2, k 5, p 2, k 62, Rep. the last 2 rows twice more.

118th Row: Rep. row 112.

119th Row: K 62, p 2, k the next 5 sts. tog., p 2, k 2, k 62.

120th Row: Purl. Rep. from *** to **, only p or k 60, whichever the case may be, each end of the patt. instead of 12. On the last row dec. 1st at end of row (128 sts.). If article is wanted longer, cont. in st-st. till length desired. Change to No. 10 needles.

133rd Row: K 18, k 2 tog., * k 3, k 2 tog., rep. from * to the last 18 sts. (109 sts.).

134th Row: Cast off 8 sts., p to centre, p 2 tog., p 2 end of row.

135th Row: Cast off 8 sts. Divide sts. and work on the first 46 sts. and put the rest of the sts. on a spare needle. Work the first 29 sts. of the 46 sts. in smocking, and the last 17 sts. in m-st. (then cast on 4 sts. but only on this half side). 21 sts. in m-st. at front border edge.

SMOCKING-STITCH

1st Row: *** P 1, * wool over needle as if to k, put right-hand needle between the 3rd and 4th sts. on left-hand needle and pull through a loop, slip on to left-hand needle, and k it tog. with the next st. p 1, k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. (This is called smock.)

2nd Row: K 1, p 1 all along, ending with k 1.

3rd and 4th Rows: Keep continuity of rib, and moss-st.

5th Row: K 1, p 1, * smock, rep. from * to end of row.

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One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum Powder.

528

REFRESHING

Cuticura SOAP

Knitting directions for . . .

"ROSEMARY" tiny girl's cardigan

Illustrated in color on page 11

THIS cardigan would fit a girl 3-5 years of age. The original was knitted in emon, the outline and handle of the pockets being worked in brown wool, stem-stitched, the bows—lacy daisy—stitched in colored wools and the leaves in green.

Materials: 4 skeins Patons "Beehive" crepe wool (equal to 3-ply); 1 pr. No. 12 needles; 7 small buttons; and scraps of colored wool.

Dimensions: From top of shoulder, 13in.; all around underarm, 31in.; length of sleeve seam, 31in. or desired length.

Tension: Work at a tension to produce 8 sts. and 11 rows to an inch.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 48 sts. and work into the back of cast-on sts. K 1, p 1 along next row and rep. this row 23 times. Cont. in st-st. (one row purl and alt. row plain), keeping a border rib of 8 sts. at the edge, k 1, p 1. Cont. in plain smooth fabric, increasing once at side edge in every 8th row until increased to 55 sts. Cont. in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at front edge (inside rib border) in the next and every following 4th row twice (52 sts.). Work 3 rows without shaping. Next row, cast off 6 sts. work to last 10 sts., k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 4 times. Dec. once at armhole edge in every

alt. row 6 times, while at the same time decreasing at front edge (inside border) in every 4th row 3 times (36 sts.). Cont. decreasing at front edge only in every 4th row until 28 sts. rem. Work 2 rows without shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

1st Row: Work to last 7 sts., turn. 2nd Row: Work to end of row. 3rd Row: Work to last 14 sts. turn. 4th and 6th Rows: Same as 2nd. 5th Row: Work to last 20 sts. turn. 7th Row: (K1, p 1) 4 times, p to end of row. 8th Row: Cast off 20 sts. and work remaining 8 sts. in rib for 11in., cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with the left front, working the border and shapings at opposite end of needle, and making a buttonhole in the 3rd and every following 19th row until there are 7 buttonholes. To make a buttonhole—k 2, p 1, k 2 tog. (w.fwd.) twice, k 2 tog., work to end of row.

BACK

Cast on 68 sts. and work the 1st row into the back of the sts. work 23 rows of k 1, p 1 rib, and cont. in st-st., increasing once at each end of needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 162 sts. on needle. Work 19 rows without shaping, and cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 78 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armholes measure the same as front armholes. Shape the shoulders by working within 7 sts. of end of needle in every alt. row 3 times. Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and fawn wool, cast on 46 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in., inc. in last st. of last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and work over 46 sts. as for other front, reversing all shapings. Now join fawn wool to remaining 6 sts. and work a strip of ribbing on No. 12 needles, working buttonholes at 1in. intervals above the first (9 in all). Cast off.

PAUL" little boy's cardigan

Illustrated in color on page 11

THIS cardigan, which is teamed with "Rosemary" on page 11, can be made in the color combination you prefer and will fit boys three to five years old.

A sturdy little cardigan to withstand the rough and tumble of play and early schooldays. Little girls would love it in rich colors or pale pastel tonings.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" fingering, 3-ply Patonised Shrink-resist finish. This is the only wool which should be used; 4oz. fawn; small quantity brown; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 9 buttons.

Measurements: Chest, 27in.; length, from top of shoulder, 15in.; sleeve seam, 13in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 71 sts. and 9 rows to 1 inch.

BACK

With fawn wool and No. 12 needles cast on 86 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. and work 2 rows. Join in brown wool and work 2 rows.

Next Row: (K 2 fawn, sl. 1 brown) all along, ending k 2 fawn.

Next Row: (P 2 fawn, sl. 1 brown purples) all along, ending p 2 fawn. Rep. these 4 rows twice, work rows in brown, then complete back off fawn wool.

Cont. straight until work measures 1in. from commencement, then shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of following 6 rows. Work straight until work measures 15in. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles and fawn wool, cast on 50 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Now on first st. only work in rib for 11in. Cast off. Join in fawn wool to ribbing edge of work, and cont. with No. 10 needles, as for back, to armholes, ending on a k row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. at armhole edge of following 4 rows. Work straight until work measures 8in., ending on a p row.

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Press all pieces with a warm iron over a damp cloth, sew up shoulder seams, sew in sleeves, and sew strips of ribbing up fronts, stretching slightly. Press these seams, then sew up side and sleeve seams, sew on pocket and collar, and give final pressing. Sew on buttons.

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Page 37

Winter weather's rough on Shoes

Mischiefous Winter does his darn'dest to ruin your children's shoes. With the help of Rufus Rain and Perce Puddles, he keeps shoes wet for days on end—tries to soak the leather out of shape and rot the stitching. Wise mothers foil his efforts by choosing Paddle Children's Shoes—shoes that are weatherised to retain their shape, despite soaking, to keep feet drier, and to wear far beyond the winter term. Remember, it's PADDLES for Puddles!



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Fashion PATTERNS



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